The Congregational Quarterly

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The Congregational Quarterly

EDITORIAL

THANKS be to God. The War apparently is over. As these words are being written we await the announcement that the Japanese have accepted the Allied terms of surrender. Verily they will long have reason to "Remember Pearl Harbor", as the American song has demanded since December 7th, 1941. And now the peace has to be made, the children of the world rescued, and its people fed. The demand made on the statesmanship of mankind is indeed huge, and again one can but cry, "Who is sufficient for these things?" We trust that the victors will restrain all selfish impulses—and that applies to the small nations, even more than to the large—and that in co-operation together in the service of suffering men there will be built up that mutual confidence which alone will ensure peace.

At this juncture there is no point in discussing the atomic bomb, as some readers desire us to do. It is not the weapons of war, no matter how horrible, that are wrong, but war itself. Once the resort to force has been made, there can be no limitation of the weapons employed, for there will always be the fear that the enemy will get in first.

Had Hitler's scientists first succeeded in their researches we in London should not have been in a position to discuss the atomic bomb at all. To argue against the atomic bomb or other forms of warfare is to attempt to cure the symptoms and not the disease. It is war we must eradicate, and our immediate task now is to see that China, Russia, Britain and the United States keep together. Their union will give time for international goodwill to take root, and for the establishment of an order that will give the promise of peace. But the tasks of the immediate future are of appalling complexity, and for none of us can there be relaxation of effort. If Christians leave the setting-up of a new order to politicians and economists, if they let them forget that on the sacredness of individual personality alone can a true civilization rest, they will be faithless indeed, and they will ensure the outbreak of yet another war.

* * *

IT was the lounge of an hotel in a University town. One of the denizens had returned after some days' absence, in order to vote on Election day, and it was explained to him that the Conservatives were sending a car to the hotel at 10 o'clock, and again at 11. He

asked if there had been any excitement, and was told, "No—but the Labour man sits in his car in the market-place every day and answers questions". The "Labour man" was a Major in the Army, and a University graduate, but he might have been so much dirt. The prodigal was then informed that all would be well at the Election, "Look at the Stock Exchange. They know there how things are going. It's going to be all right. And then look at the way they are quarrelling among themselves. When thieves fall out honest men come by their own". The honest men included the candidate for the town, who voted for Chamberlain in the critical division in 1940, and was now trying to creep into Parliament as a National supporter of Mr. Churchill. Another wanderer reported, "I looked up my old maid to see what she was going to do. She said, 'Oh, I shall vote Conservative. I've always voted Conservative. I was brought up in gentlemen's houses.' And her sister said she'd vote Conservative, and her daughter, who has been working in a munitions factory, will vote Conservative too".

Not a word about peace, international co-operation, social security. Is it for the sake of people who talk like this, who have learnt nothing through the agony of the world, who desire only that their dividends arrive promptly, that comfort be maintained in their hotels and increased in their travels, and that the "lower classes" be kept in their proper place—is it for these that men have died, are dying, by the tens of thousands? For them a rude awakening is coming. And may it be soon.

* * *

It came, and soon, for the above paragraph was written in election week, and July 26th brought a shock. Not only was "the Labour man" returned, but, to the general surprise, Labour was swept into power with a large majority. The "Caretaker Ministry" was rejected almost with scorn, and the Liberal revival, predicted in our pages and elsewhere, proved a myth: practically all the smaller groups were snuffed out, and it looks as if the country has resolved on a two-Party system. Nobody expected such a swing of the pendulum, perhaps not allowing enough for the fact that in ten years the pendulum can swing a long way. Since the declaration of the poll many reasons have been adduced for the country's decisive vote. There has been stupid talk about ingratitude to Mr. Churchill, but nowhere have we seen any sign of failure to recognize the magnificent leadership Mr. Churchill has given to the country, the Commonwealth, and the United Nations during the war. But with gratitude for services rendered apparently goes deep distrust of the ex-Prime Minister as a leader in the post-war world. Mr. Churchill's views in regard to India, his past references to Russia, and, above all, his association with a Party which youth has come to distrust, were all influences at work

in his rejection. This was made clear in the most striking of all the election results—the vote of 10,000 against Mr. Churchill for a freak candidate. Living in the constituency, we gathered that everybody there expected Mr. Churchill's opponent to poll less than 1,000 votes and lose his deposit. The vote of 10,000 reflected a widespread suspicion of the War-leader as a peace-time Premier.

The Government campaign, it is generally admitted, was sadly mismanaged; if Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Bracken were responsible for it, Mr. Churchill cannot escape blame for being so easily misled, and for his unhappy first broadcast. But perhaps the most important factor in the defeat was the intense exasperation at the Government's delay in adopting a policy of social security, and tackling the problems represented by the Barlow, Scott, and Uthwatt Reports. The masses of the people, moved by the Beveridge Report as by nothing in home politics since Old Age Pensions, came to believe that they were going to be fobbed off with fragments, and that the Government was playing for time and had no serious intentions. The failure of Government spokesmen to formulate a policy during the election and the absence of any passionate support for social betterment, even among younger Conservatives, played into the hands of Labour, which was deemed to stand for social reconstruction. By now the rejected Government has probably realized the determination of the youth of the country, as represented by the Services (whose vote is said to have gone Labour from 70 to 98 per cent) to secure a fair deal. The inability of the Conservative leaders to discern the way the people in the Services were thinking is in itself a strong condemnation.

So now Britain has a Government of the Left. In foreign relationships that should be a good thing, especially *vis-à-vis* a Europe which is well to the Left. The widespread acceptance on the Continent of the belief that in Greece, Italy, and Spain the Conservative policy was anti-democratic, and that once Europe was cleared up Conservative antagonism to Russia would again be manifested, prevented wholehearted co-operation. Now a Labour Britain can put itself at the head of progressive elements in Europe, and perhaps convince Soviet Russia that the alliance with her is sincerely meant and not one from which Britain desires to escape now that her sore need of Russian help is a thing of the past.

Altogether the new Government, if rather over-weighted by older men, is, taken man for man, not inferior in ability to the Caretaker Government it replaced: it was a delight to point out to terrified and angry *rentiers* that five of the seven leaders of the Government were University men. We should not be surprised

if Mr. Attlee made a good, if unspectacular, Prime Minister. Eighteen months ago a Labour M.P., now in the Ministry, declared to us that Mr. Attlee was infinitely to be preferred to any of the other aspirants for the office: the fact was that, while Mr. Morrison made full use of a Public Relations Officer and saw to it that all his speeches were well reported, nothing was done to "build up" Mr. Attlee, who never took the slightest trouble about publicity. The Government must be judged on its results, and nobody need envy those on whom the responsibility of ruling the country has been thrust. The most regrettable feature of a swing so pronounced is that it sweeps away many whose presence in Parliament is desirable—men like Mr. Harold Macmillan, Mr. Graham White, and Mr. Harold Nicolson. There are others, of course, in whose departure we rejoice—Mr. Bracken, Sir Austin Hudson, and the egregious Sir Herbert Williams: it was a pity the University of London did not dispense with Sir E. Graham Little, aged 77.

It would have been better had the Labour majority been not quite so large: it may easily get out of hand, for many of the new M.P.'s, like those who voted for them, are likely to be impatient. Perhaps trouble will come most speedily from the most risky appointment Mr. Attlee has made—that of Mr. Aneurin Bevan to the Ministry of Health. Mr. Bevan may have gifts of administration and tact which so far have not revealed themselves, and he is placed in charge of a Department likely to be in immediate conflict with the most powerful Trade Union in the land. This seems to be asking for trouble; but we do wish the medical profession would have a change of heart, and throw itself without reserve into support of a scheme of socialized medicine. It is certain to come, and the sooner the profession accepts the situation with a good grace the better it will be all round. It should not be beyond the wit of man to devise a policy whereby the doctor in State employ can secure the fullest freedom for research and enterprise: he should be placed in a position comparable with that of a Judge, or, let us say, that of a Congregational minister, whose people give him freedom to declare the whole counsel of God. The trouble, we suspect, is that the income of the average doctor is far larger than is generally realized, so high indeed that for many there would be a considerable reduction under a socialized system. The disparity between the income of the doctor and of the teacher (even under the Burnham scale) gives one furiously to think.

* * *

Señor de Madariaga's dictum—"we created far too much Church for the faith that there was"—deserves serious consideration, and not merely in its application to the past. If we include

in "Church" all that belongs to the institution—buildings and bishops, a professional ministry, and hordes of administrators—have we not far too much today? We have far too many buildings—and yet apparently we propose to build some more. We form more and more councils, societies, organizations, to express the unity of the Churches, but that does not diminish by one the staffs we already have: if we are not careful the World Council, the British Council, the Federal Free Church Council, and all the constituent denominations will all be doing the same thing! We have fewer people in the churches than for generations, yet we assume we must have the same number of salaried ministers—and more, and of course the same number of colleges for training them (shall we ever rid the Church of this scandal?). Nearly all the denominations (and we are told the United Church of Canada most of all) have top-heavy organizations—and some of them have Missionary Societies in addition, though we are always told there is no difference between the work of the Church at home and abroad. If we could only believe that all this represented an increase of "faith"! Then we might think we have the City of God coming down from heaven rather than the tower of Babel rising from the earth. Words written by Mr. E. B. Castle of Leighton Park School are not inappropriate:

> The Church began as a movement and became an institution. This was inevitable; but when a "movement" becomes an institution movement tends to cease because the institution becomes more important than the purpose which gave it birth. If the Church is to fulfil its purpose it must again become a movement with a purpose greater than itself. There is no doubt what that purpose is: the function of the Church is to be prophetic, to proclaim the living Word, to change human hearts and create new minds, to fortify faith in the living Christ, to educate and inspire, to testify to Truth at the risk of extinction. "He who would save his life shall lose it" was spoken as much to the Church as to individual men and women. Unless the Church becomes the power-house of Christian devotion and endeavour it once more yields up its prophetic mission to the priestly tradition; and in this act it forfeits the right to lead society.

* * *

THE Dean of Lichfield recently devoted a University Sermon at Oxford to a frank and outspoken plea *On the Need of a G.H.Q. for the Church of England* (Oxford Press, 6d.). This has long been a concern of Dr. Iremonger's, and it was no doubt intensified by his experience as Director of the Religious Department of the B.B.C. He makes a convincing case, which left two impressions on our minds. *First,* to what extent is the British Council of Churches, and the World Council, going to save duplication by the denomin-

ations? If the British Council has a G.H.Q. (or should we not say "is", for is not that what the British Council should be?) will the Church of England need one? And if the Church of England establishes one, will not the Federal Free Church Council feel called upon to do the same, and every one of its constituent denominations? *Second,* if the British Council cannot be the G.H.Q. for all the Churches—and it probably cannot, which is a sad commentary on its weakness and immaturity and on the unreality of much of the talk on unity—then Dr. Iremonger is as right in regard to Congregationalism as he is in regard to the Church of England. Perhaps the newly appointed "Cabinet" appointed by the General Purposes Committee to meet with the General Secretary of the Union and his colleagues to discuss internal administration, prevent overlapping of committees, *etc.*, may grow into something wider, but, like the British Council, it is still in its infancy. At present those responsible for the work of the Union are so overwhelmed with claims from every side that it is impossible for them to survey the whole field of Christian enterprise and to give the leadership which is sorely needed. A Committee of a dozen people will come from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, and spend hours discussing an agenda whose relevance to the Kingdom of God is sometimes difficult to see. And never at any time do the main committees of the denomination have the opportunity to discuss those instruments of Christian propaganda which are destined to revolutionize the work of the Church in a way comparable with the invention of printing or the coming of the railways. There are Congregationalists, *e.g.*, on the Committee of the Religious Department of the B.B.C. and on the Committee of the Christian Cinema Council. They are not representatives, for they are not appointed by the Union. So they report to nobody, and the General Purposes Committee has no official information of the policies, plans, and purposes of those in control of religious broadcasting or religious films. Is anyone prepared to argue that this makes sense —for denominations to be ignorant of what is going on in two major fields while its committees spend their time tithing mint, anise, and cummin? If we cannot show that the Church in England is one, let us have a Congregational G.H.Q. which will work out a strategy, put things in their proper perspective, and aid the churches to do that for which they exist—to win the people round about them for Christ their Lord. Let us, in other words, regard the work of reconstruction in the widest possible way, and that means having a policy of evangelism which will make use of every means for taking the gospel to the people.

* * *

By the time these words are read the Committees appointed by the Presbyterian Church of England and the Congregational Union of

England and Wales to discuss organic union will already have met, separately or together. The Assemblies of both denominations revealed that there were doubts and fears about the whole proceeding, and revealed too that there will be need for much education on both sides if union is to be possible, even if it be feasible. The Presbyterian Assembly at once decided to remit the whole subject to its presbyteries (perhaps to its congregations—it is probable our terminology is all wrong!), but Congregationalists evidently think no education is needed, and evidently propose to consult the churches only when and if the Committee reaches a positive recommendation. We disagree entirely: there are large areas of the country where no Presbyterian congregation is to be found, and many Congregationalists who do not know what Presbyterian stands for, even if they happen to know what Congregationalism is! It is for this reason that we have printed in this issue the article from Prof. Carnegie Simpson, whom we all hold in honour. We trust that there will be on all sides and from all angles statements of the arguments for and against organic union, and entire frankness about points that have to be resolved. The Committee is not the Big Three settling the affairs of the world in secret: its members will be the more alive to their responsibilities if they are made aware of discussions proceeding outside. 300 Presbyterian congregations in England will not expect 3,000 Congregational churches to turn Presbyterian just for the sake of union; nor will English Congregationalists expect the Presbyterians to relish being swallowed at a gulp or to be unmindful of their association with the Church of Scotland and the Pan-Presbyterian movement. Let all members of the churches have their say: it will increase understanding and remove difficulties in the long run. Meanwhile the attitude of Congregationalists to all other Christians can well be expressed in words used by Henry Allon seventy years ago:

> To us Congregationalism the best realizes the principles, sanctities, and powers of the spiritual life. But we do not therefore maintain that it is the only legitimate Ecclesiasticism for the world, and the only Ecclesiasticism in harmony with Scripture. If my brother on my right prefers Episcopacy, or if my brother on my left prefers a Presbytery, who am I, that I should forbid him, that I should assume to have discovered all the truth of God's word, that I should make my preferences the law of my brother's conscience? This only may I demand of him, that he do not permit his diversity of church life to damage our religious brotherhood, to alienate our Christian affections, to embarrass our Christian fellowship. It is a cheap and worthless charity that can love only those who agree with us; rather it is a refinement of selfishness. The only charity that is true and noble is that which differences cannot damage.

The *New Statesman*, which we hope will cease its constant carp-

ing now that Labour is in power, made a strong plea for publicity, a plea that the Government should take the people fully into its confidence. It insists vigorously that the people have a right to know the facts, all the facts, about the food situation, about manpower and demobilization, export trade and housing, and all the rest. The public, says Lord Woolton in *The Adventure of Reconstruction,*

> is vastly interested in reconstruction. It has a right to know what we [the Government] mean by it, and what we purpose should be done.

On which the *Times Literary Supplement* comments:

> It has, indeed. As a contribution to the theory of democracy this remark is hard to beat.

This applies in the sphere of religion as well as in that of politics. That is why we urge that, parallel with the Committee's discussions, there should be many positive statements of the Congregational position—for the education of our own people as much as for the information of Presbyterians. There is nothing to be lost by education and argument in the open while the Committee debate in private. Only so will the constituencies be prepared for any scheme submitted to them.

A situation in some way parallel arose in the United States in the negotiations between the Congregational Churches and those of the Evangelical and Reformed Communion. It was found in the Congregational General Council that many doubts about the union were felt, and often in regions where only one of the two denominations was represented. It was therefore agreed to defer a decision for two years while the members of the Churches had the chance to get to know each other. That process is now proceeding, and if in 1946 a Scheme of Union is agreed upon, the rank and file will be equipped for informed consideration.

* * *

A CURRENT American periodical carries an article on "Humour in the Pulpit". It decides in favour of a restrained use of humour, but the examples it commends show how difficult and dangerous is the path of a preacher who sets out to employ this no doubt legitimate weapon. No criticism is too strong for the man who plays the buffoon in the pulpit, who degrades his office by striving to get a laugh; humour is justified only if it be natural, spontaneous, and subordinate to the message: to drive home a point, to aid the memory to retain the truth taught, to lighten an argument and serve as a means to retain the attention—for these and no meaner ends humour should be employed in preaching: even W. L. Watkinson's cynical and sarcastic quips passed the test because they certainly helped the people to remember.

Few preachers nowadays, we hope, sin by demeaning the pulpit by irrelevant and puerile anecdote and cheap jests. Indeed, if reports be true, the mistake is in the other direction: often there is no leaven to leaven the lump, no epigram or wit to wing the truth, no twinkle in the preacher's eye. But if the pulpit may in the main be absolved from the sin of cheap humour, it often exhibits that sense of incongruity which distracts the congregation even while it amuses. Some of the instances of this unconscious humour are almost beyond belief: it is amazing what the human mind and tongue can do if things are not observed side by side. Modern examples of this will occur to every reader. We happened to notice an ancient one the other day in the Cambridge University Library, not a bad place to work in, despite its forbidding exterior. Will it be credited that in 1600 a preacher announced his subject —and published the sermon afterwards—as *The True Lovers' Canticle?* Now, of course, adolescents ought not to have laughed, and their parents should not have had a smile playing round their lips as they cast a glance of rebuke along the pew—but why couldn't the preacher see that he was asking for trouble and find another form of words?

And, speaking of humour, let it not be thought that the Puritan divines were unaware of its existence. There is a passage in John Owen—quoted nowadays, we suspect, by some who have never read him—which is not inapropos in days when Presbyterians and Congregationalists are discussing union. In his first pastorate Owen was a Presbyterian. But—and we will quote James Moffatt lest it be thought an enthusiastic Congregationalist be speaking:

> But, as he frankly admits in . . . his *Vindication of the Treatise on Schism* (1657), his original Presbyterianism was due rather to an imperfect acquaintance with the Congregational standpoint and to the influence of his environment than to any reasoned conviction; fuller and more impartial inquiry, added to his practical experience of the Presbyterian system in its spirit and working, led him to make a change. As in the case of Goodwin and Philip Nye, the most influential book for Owen proved to be Cotton's *Doctrine of the Church*. "And indeed", he gravely warns his readers, in one of the rare passages where you can imagine a grim smile playing on the writer's lips, "this way of impartial examining all things by the Word, comparing causes with causes and things with things, laying aside all prejudicate respect unto persons or present traditions, is a course that I would admonish all to beware of who would avoid the danger of being made Independents.

We commend this passage to the Presbyterian representatives on the Joint Committee for discussing union.

* * *

A SENTENCE in M. Pierre Maillaud's *The English Way*, reviewed within, is true in the religious sphere as well as of those spheres to which it refers:

> All periods of moral and political uncertainty produce dogmatic attitudes, for dogmas provide positive (though arbitrary) values to which men can cling. They also produce a consequent intolerance. The present period is no exception.

There is room for a Ph.D. dissertation here—and along collateral lines. Why do the Churches so easily catch the epidemic from the political Zeitgeist? Why in times of political totalitarianism do they tend to throw up puny dictators who declare that "this and this only" is Christianity, Congregationalism, or whatever it might be? And why is it that when the pulse of religious life is weak the minds of Christians always turn to (*a*) dogma, (*b*) liturgics? When there are being added to the Church day by day those who are being saved there are few signs of interest in creeds and modes of worship. One of the first signs that the tides of faith are coming in again will be the number of little books of prayers washed up on the shore, and the next will be the disappearance of Führers who will again be merged—and gladly, we hope—in the fellowship of a rejoicing, worshipping, serving community. The Bishop of Kansas wrote some wise words in a recent number of the *Anglican Theological Review:*

> However lovely may be our offering of liturgical worship on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, it must not be made to stand surrogate for the hard work of teaching the religion of Christ.

Meanwhile those who separate preaching from worship, and imply that it is something inferior should ponder James Denney's words:

> If the sermon in church is what it ought to be, if it is not an exhibition of the preacher but of Jesus, there should be nothing in it even conceivably in contrast with worship, but the very reverse. What can be more truly described as worship than hearing the Word of God as it ought to be heard, hearing it with penitence, with contrition, with faith and self-consecration, with vows of new obedience? If this is not worship in spirit and in truth, what is?

Denney indeed has still a way of challenging those who read him. We take pleasure in quoting in this last Editorial words of his which, did the Churches hear, remember, and obey them, would work a speedy transformation:

> There is not in the New Testament from beginning to end, in the record of the original and genuine Christian life, a single word of despondency or gloom. It is the most buoyant, exhilarating, and joyful book in the world. The men who write it have indeed all that is hard and painful in the world to encounter; but they are of good courage, because Christ has

overcome the world, and when the hour of conflict comes, they descend crowned into the arena. All this is due to their faith in Christ's exaltation, and in His constant presence with them in the omnipotence of His grace.

* * *

MANY years ago the University of Chicago Press published a book on *Funeral Management and Costs,* in which was quoted an undertaker's (we beg his pardon, a "mortician's") advertisement. It read:

For composing the features	$1.00
For giving the features a look of quiet resignation	$3.00
For giving the features the appearance of Christian hope and contentment	$5.00

And, remarked an American clergyman, the worst of it is he can do it!

* * *

THE gum industry still remains a major cause of misunderstanding between the American troops and the British people. If the rapturous hands of children seize the packets American soldiers so lavishly dole out, the parents of the same children gaze with wonder at never-resting jaws. We like the story of the old lady in the train whose eyes never left the face of the man opposite for ten minutes. Finally she tapped him on the knee and said, "Young man, it's no good your trying to talk to me. I'm stone deaf, and I haven't heard a word you've said".

PERHAPS at this point we may be forgiven if these Notes assume a frankly personal note and discard the editorial plural. With this issue I lay down the charge committed to me when this journal was founded in 1923, with relief mingled with regret, for life without the responsibility of editorship will for a long time feel very strange. I have to thank all those who have written to say they saw no reason for resignation, or to suggest that I continue to write the Editorial Notes, On Life and Books, or the Shorter Notices. But with journals as with pastorates, there comes a day when changes are wise, and often it is as well to make it as complete as possible. The editing of a journal of this kind takes a great deal of time, and if I am to harvest the researches I have long made in the Elizabethan field, there will be little time for anything else: at 58 one is wise to concentrate.

There are many to whom I am deeply grateful for the help they have given during the years—readers, reviewers, contributors, proof-readers. Many of those who shared in the launching are no longer with us, but I cannot refrain from mentioning C. F. Garrood, the Manager of the Independent Press, who believed that a quarterly could be made to pay, and Shirley J.

Dickins, for long our most expert proof-reader. To those readers who have faithfully supported the journal from the beginning, often disagreeing with—and sometimes irritated by—the editor, I am conscious of a special debt: they have been a loyal band during the 23 years. To the Assembly of the Congregational Union of England and Wales I am more thankful than I can express for the trust reposed in me, and to the Union's officers. There has never been the slightest attempt to curb my freedom or to suggest that I make the journal more strictly Congregational or an official mouthpiece: even when I have taken an unpopular line or urged a course of action in a way which must have been embarrassing I have been given credit for sincerity and for using the editorial chair with the same conscientious responsibility as the preacher uses the pulpit. I do not think I should have had the like freedom in any other denomination: I take pride in the fact that this is so, that in the relationship to the *Congregational Quarterly* Congregationalism has been true to itself, and that to a long, pathetic, and sometimes turbulent story of denominational journalism a chapter can now be added chronicling the fact that an editor has relinquished an editorial chair with harmony and goodwill after nearly a quarter of a century in which he has had full liberty of expression.

I will not attempt to record the names of all who have rendered skilled and ready service during the years. But it would be wrong not to mention the Clapton Park Church, which for twelve years not only allowed its minister to do this and other work for the denomination, but even rejoiced in it. To those years I often look back with gratitude and wonder, marvelling at the audacity with which I assumed at one and the same time the editorship of a new journal and the pastorate of a church which then had 619 members, 1440 scholars, and 180 teachers. It meant 14 hours' work a day seven days a week—but what exhilarating days they were! There was only one moment when trouble seemed to be brewing—when I learnt that rumour was abroad that the salary of the editor of the *Congregational Quarterly* was £1,000 a year: as the story was being retailed by one who was friendly with a member of the Memorial Hall staff, it began to be assumed that there was something in it! It was precisely at this moment that the worthy Chairman of the Union, with statistical evidence, congratulated the church at its annual meeting that its minister was giving more time to the committee work of the denomination than anybody else! Not unnaturally the people began to wonder: had it been in Hitler's time they would have concluded that their minister had a double who moved about the streets of Clapton while he himself was in the Memorial Hall. It was only when I offered to let any deacon take the editorial salary for £100 a year

that the episode dissolved in laughter, for they knew me well enough to know I should be making a profit! The marvellous loyalty of the congregation may be gauged from the fact that at one time fifty of its members took the *Congregational Quarterly*, though I am not prepared to swear that they all read it. I give thanks to God for that loyalty and happy comradeship, for the health and strength which have been mine during the years, and for the host of those who have trusted and sustained me, and I bespeak for my successors the same patience, tolerance, and support. In the Rev. Leslie J. Tizard, the Rev. Leslie E. Cooke, and Dr. G. F. Nuttall the Union has found a triumvirate capable of making the journal a far finer thing than it has yet been. But their task is far from easy, and they have a right to the enthusiastic backing of the whole denomination. Perhaps when the journal reaches its 25th birthday I shall ask the editor's permission to outline its history, and tell of some of the interesting personalities who have been associated with it—contributors sought and unsought, reviewers reliable and unreliable, publishers helpful and superior.

* * *

This journal has endeavoured to be from the first "a review of religious life and thought", and it has been the vehicle of free and frank comment on events, policies, and books. Its editorial standpoint in regard to the Church as a whole and Congregationalism in particular may be stated in Lincoln's words:

> The dogmas of a quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present . . . As our case is now, so we must think and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves.

I should say *methods* rather than *dogmas*, though this journal has always insisted that the Christian faith could not be adequately expressed in the creeds and formularies of any age, and argued that it is presumptuous for men to suggest that they can confine God and His ways within the categories of their thought and of their day. I always marvel when theologians (save the mark!) so completely ignore Christ's words about doing the will being the way to learn the teaching. But then they are so apt to pick and choose what suits their own theories.

As to methods, I have no doubt that there must be nothing short of revolution if the churches as we know them are to live. The people in the main have ceased to come to church: the churches must find the way to get their message to the people. The conceptions of the ministry and ministerial training, of religious education and evangelism, which have so far prevailed, are no longer adequate: the notion that every church must have a building and a full-time paid ministry cannot bind religion much longer. We must disenthrall ourselves. Sometimes it has been

with the greatest searching of heart that I have felt able to continue working a system which has been devoting so much of its energy, and so many of its resources, to the repair of a machine which is producing so little. The temptation to cut away and start afresh with small groups like the apostolic churches, without the heavy commitments in buildings and ministry with which organized religion has become burdened, has often been very strong. When, let us say, a third of the churches of the land —Congregational and others—are unable to point to a single individual they have won from "the world" in years—and that, let it be remembered, is the primary purpose for which they exist —why is it that many Christians are so complacent? Is the chain of custom so strong, the fear of disturbance and change so great, or is it that even within the Church vested interests are securely entrenched? I contrast the state of organized religion in this country with its state when I became a minister thirty-two years ago—congregations more than halved, scholars greatly diminished, the tone far less healthy. If this process continues for another 32 years, what? Must organized religion put itself into voluntary liquidation and start afresh, or is it to drag on with methods proved unsuccessful, under the same old management, slowly dying while the world goes by? That, it seems to me, is the challenge of our time to the Churches.

This does not mean that there is not yet much that is vital in the Churches to-day: they all possess the savour, the seed, the remnant, which prevent corruption and ensure new life. There is hope for a Church which can survive two "enthronements"— can anything further from Christian simplicity be imagined?—in five years, and for a denomination which lives on after some of its Annual Assemblies: clearly they have vitality somewhere. But it will only be when the Churches have the courage and faith to free themselves from all unreality, renounce pomp, prestige, and power, put first things first, and do Christ's work in Christ's way, that life will revive. To that revival I believe that Congregationalism—International Congregationalism—has an essential contribution to make. Its witness for the freedom of the individual personality and of the individual church; its testimony, proved true by experience, that it is possible to combine freedom and fellowship, independence and co-operation: its tradition, again established by history, that it is possible for churches to maintain the central truths of the Gospel without the imposition of man-made creeds on ministers and people: these are vital for the Church and the world to-day. But Congregationalism must not falter in proclaiming these truths by word and in practice. Clericalism, even in the Free Churches, is a much greater menace than is often recognized, and we must ever insist that it is the

Church that makes the minister, and not the minister the Church. And, if there be those who announce that sacraments are necessary for church membership, and that devout Christians living sacrificial lives are not members of the Church because they have not been baptized or do not observe the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—we must ever reply, "We recognize this is your conscientious opinion. But it is not ours, and we do not believe it accords with the teaching of Christ."

* * *

It is perhaps not unnatural in laying down a task like this to look back over the work I have tried to do for the denomination since I came to London. I shall never forget the alarm with which I attended my first Finance Committee—the first minister to be appointed thereto—and looked on the prosperous business men who for many years had charge not only of the finances of the Union, but also of the Publication Department. I remember the surprise with which I learnt that there was no Superannuation Scheme for the Union's staff, and that life-long servants of the Union were shortly to retire with no provision made for them. I remember how shocked I was to learn that if relatives of deceased ministers wanted a photograph of husband or father in the *Year Book* they had to pay for it. Soon these things were altered; a new Secretary brought new vigour; fresh elements were introduced into the Finance Committee; a Superannuation Scheme was established; the Independent Press was formed.

But I am much more conscious of failures than of reforms in which I had a share. There is, for example, the failure mentioned above to persuade the denomination to take cognizance of new means of spreading the Gospel—the cinema and the wireless.

And then there has been the failure to persuade the denomination to launch out in the sphere of publication. It should have a publishing house with many worthy books on its list, and there is no reason why it should not do its own printing. Had printing machines been laid down, in the Memorial Hall basement or elsewhere, what profits would have accrued to the Union! And there would have been so little risk. The *Congregational Quarterly*, the *Congregational Church Monthly*, the *Year Book*, the *Hymnbook*, all the publications of the Young People's Department and the other Departments of the Union, the Assembly programmes—to say nothing of local church magazines, here was a basis on which could be built a printing enterprise which could handle the manuscripts an enterprising publishing-house sent down to it. I think of the Ryerson Press, the Press of the United Church of Canada, with its imposing printing works, and a list which included at the time I visited it Dr. Cronin's *The Citadel* and Mr. W. L. Shirer's *Berlin Diary*.

It may be said that this is incompatible with the plea for simplicity I made above. But I do not think so. Let us have simplicity by all means in our worship, and in our organization. But when the churches have an organ like the Union by which they do things together, let it be made as active and efficient as possible, and, if profits are to be made by its publishing and printing, let them be used not to bolster up an old system, but for aggressive evangelism. Readers may have noticed that while publishers and printers, like farmers, always grumble at the state of trade, they invariably leave large fortunes. I grudge the share of this which comes from Congregational sources, and I wish the £40,000 or £50,000 which the Congregational Press might have made during the last twenty years had been available to take the good news in Christ Jesus, the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, throughout the world. O ye of little faith, ——— !

* * *

One final word. Was it Lambert Simnel who was made "a scullion in the King's kitchen"? I began to write an article, "Scullion in the Denominational Kitchen", for this issue, showing how exactly this describes the situation of any person at all responsible for the literary and historical side of the work of a great denomination. I forbore to continue, hoping that Mr. Tizard will find he is Cinderella rather than Simnel, and that this side of our activity will at long last receive the position and support it merits. For a long time the institution of Congregational Canonries has been mooted to enable scholars to secure leisure to make some contribution to learning. We have nothing of the kind, unless theological chairs are deemed such—and their output has been inconsiderable, even in the war years when students have been few. When a position such as the editorship of this journal is vacant it is found that we must look for (a) a man with private means, a *rara avis* indeed in our midst, (b) a man with phenomenal powers of work who can combine the editorial chair with a church or some other means of earning a living at the risk of his health and of his home, or (c) divide the work among a number of people. And it is not as if the work stood alone, for it is probably not generally recognized how much is collateral to it. For years I have found a large part of my time occupied in answering inquiries from churches about their histories, from students in this country and the United States doing research for theses, from young Congregationalists wanting to take up journalism or to write, from people who want to work in the Congregational Library or want me to work in it, or in the British Museum, for them: one man sent a modest request which would have entailed two to three weeks' steady application! With the best will in the world it is impossible to meet all these demands when one has a living to earn.

What is needed is some scheme whereby two scholars could be attached to the Congregational Library, with modest stipends, to conduct research, help inquirers, and make that Library what it could so easily be—a centre of life and learning. I never go into the Congregational Library in Boston without a sense of shame. There you have a library kept up-to-date, with current books and periodicals, as well as books dealing with the denomination's history. There you have regular book-talks and lectures by acknowledged authorities which serve in a measure as "refresher courses" for ministers. In London we have, at the moment, a L.C.C. restaurant, and nobody seems concerned to restore the Library to its proper uses. I have pointed out before that when the "Memorial Hall and Library" was opened, there was handed to it a sum of £8,530 from the old Congregational Library. That should have been kept separate for the maintenance of the Library part of the new project, instead of being absorbed. It should be restored, and to the income from it the Union should year by year add sufficient for the maintenance of two students. I think, for example, of the work the Rev. C. E. Surman, of Reading, has been and still is doing—preparing a Directory of Congregational Ministers, which will include the names and churches served of all Congregational ministers from the earliest days, though I believe he begins with the Commonwealth and not with Paul. Mr. Surman's work is quite as important as the raising of £500,000 for denominational purposes, and the denomination should be giving him its aid. There are other students similarly placed, who would do honour to the denomination and give it great help, were they given the leisure to do it. Mr. Tizard and Mr. Cooke have on their hands heavy responsibilities at Carrs Lane and Warwick Road, and Dr. Nuttall is just beginning his lectureship at New College, London. The denomination must not kill them nor any other of its loyal servants by laying on them burdens too grievous to be borne. It must bring those who labour for it in the field of history and literature out of the kitchen.

And so I end, with grateful thanks for the patience which has borne with me through the years, and an appeal for constant and increasing support for my successors. Long may the *Congregational Quarterly* flourish!

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THE CHARACTER OF PRESBYTERY

By P. Carnegie Simpson, D.D.

A good presbyterian does not begin with his presbyterianism. By this, I do not mean only that his personal Christianity should come before his ecclesiastical system. That is true of members of all the churches. But, assuming that, and coming to what is ecclesiastical, we do not give to any form of order the primary place which we give to the things of the faith and of the evangel. To a Romanist, acceptance of the papal supremacy is *de fide* and necessary to salvation. To an Anglican—well, there are Anglicans and Anglicans; but to a large section of Anglicanism, the episcopal order is as necessary to the church's standing as is any article in the catholic creed. We, I say, do not thus equate faith and order. For two quite conclusive reasons, we cannot. One is that Christ did not prescribe any form of polity for His Church. He established a visible society. He entrusted to it a gospel. He instituted sacraments. He called apostles. But He did not lay down any rule of ecclesiastical polity. We have, thus, no authority to equate the things of order with the things of faith, for Christ did not so equate them. The second reason is practically the continuation of the first one. The Holy Spirit, by Whom the living Christ still acts, does not make any discernible difference in His using and blessing a church of one type of ecclesiastical order more than a church of another type. This fact—and it is indisputably fact—really settles the question for the candid and obedient Christian mind. If polity be not made primary by the Holy Spirit, acting in Christ's Name, it should not be made primary by any Church.

For these conclusive reasons—which I do not here argue further—we do not begin with our presbyterianism nor do we make it *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiae*. Nevertheless, we recognize that order has its importance. There are Christian bodies which, in their reaction—their natural and justifiable reaction—against over-emphasis in this matter, tend to laxity or neglect about it. This only adds to the already sufficient confusions of Christendom. Moreover, it is not the New Testament way—certainly not St. Paul's way. He knew that order, while not primary, is of real value. He never made it the crucial test either of a church's standing—as is shown by his recognition as an *ecclesia* of the Christian body at Antioch, which had no apostolic credentials of any kind—or of the validity of his own ministry. But he established regularity of polity in the churches, and he said that what is done not according to order does not "build up". Let us be Pauline in both these respects. I think that presbyterianism can be and is.

It is not necessary to say more in the way of introduction, and we may go on at once to our subject, which I have entitled "The Character of Presbytery". My object is not controversial but mainly descriptive; and what I have in view is no more than to indicate some characteristic features in the principles and practice of the Presbyterian polity as we have inherited it and as we know it in our church life.

I.

Presbyterianism is the form of church government which was adopted—or rather was reverted to—at the Reformation by churches which were free, in matters of polity, to follow what they believed to be New Testament direction. Some of the reformed churches were not thus free—notably, for example, the Lutheran. But some were; and these, in the main, framed their ecclesiastical constitution on presbyterian lines. This was not done out of any mere anti-papal or anti-prelatical prejudice. It was done because these appeared to be more congruous to the apostolic polity. This does not mean that Presbyterianism is an exact replica of the system of the New Testament churches. A few extremists, in times of controversy, have made a claim of this kind; but it is untenable and unnecessary. Not only do we not make such a claim, but we have no wish to make it. As has been said, Christ laid down no one fixed polity for His Church; and what the Apostles may have found most suitable for their day and for the need of the nascent church is not necessarily to be made strictly binding on the church for all time. Polity is something which the church has devised, and which it may revise. Still, there are general principles in the Apostolic polity in the New Testament which the church should preserve. This is what we believe the presbyterian polity does. And thus our standards, while not claiming that our polity is identical with that of the New Testament church—the polity of no church in existence to-day is that—do say that it is "in conformity with and agreeable to the Word of God". This is sufficient.

A brief survey of the elements of presbytery will show if this claim is justified. I can mention only the more important elements in the system, and these summarily.

II.

The primary point is a fundamental one; in it lies the most obvious and the essential difference between presbyteral polity and episcopal. The government in our church is "conciliar" as distinguished from "monarchical". It is government not by one man but by *brethren conferring and acting together*. The congregation is under, not an individual minister (or priest or rector), but a "session"; an ecclesiastical district is under, not a bishop but the "presbytery"; the church as a whole, in a national or other large

area, is under, not a primate but a general "synod" or "assembly". I may add that, to complete our system, the supreme authority in Christendom is or should be, not a pope but an Ecumenical Council; but, in the present separation of the churches, this is not realizable. Now this conciliar idea of church government is indisputably the New Testament idea. There is nothing in the fully organized New Testament church of one-man government. All the letters of St. Paul to the churches are addressed not to a single individual, but to the collegiate body of bishops and presbyters. Indeed, if the St. Paul of the first century could be imagined addressing a letter to the church in London to-day in the style in which he addressed the church of Rome or of Corinth in his own day—"to the elders or presbyters of the church"—the Post Office would doubtless deliver it at the Presbyterian Church House and not at Fulham Palace! This in no way implies that subsequent developments by which the collegiate powers of the original presbytery were concentrated—as Jerome tells us happened—in one bishop, were illegitimate. But it does go to justify our claim that when, at the Reformation, our ecclesiastical fathers reverted to the conciliar form of government, the resulting presbyterian order was consonant with the New Testament. This is the primary reason of our being presbyterians and not episcopalians.

This conciliar idea is, moreover, carried further in two respects, which are in accord the one with the spirit and the other with the precedents of the New Testament.

The former needs but a word. In our presbyterian councils or courts, there is an *equality of status* among the members. This does not mean that there is not a president—or, as we call him, "moderator"—or that special powers may not be delegated to certain members. Further, it does not mean that we do not recognize the special function of those who exercise the ministry of Word and Sacrament. But as regards rule, all have equal place as brethren; and we do not set one man over the others. Such parity is in accord with our Lord's warning to His disciples against the exercise among them of the "lording" or "authority", characteristic of rule among the Gentiles; "not so", He said, "shall it be among you". This need not be overstressed to the letter; but the spirit of it is to be preserved in the Christian brotherhood. It is better preserved and expressed in presbytery than it is in the ecclesiastical system which the bidding prayer in use at Cambridge University sermons describes as "the bishop and the inferior clergy". This is the spiritual reason for which—in addition to historical reasons—we do not place a superior order over that of the presbyterate.

The other feature in our working of the conciliar system is that all our church courts comprise *representatives of the people* or what

are called "laity" as well as ministers or what are called "clergy". (I use these terms "laity" and "clergy", which are not free from objection, for convenience.) The idea here is often mis-stated. It is not the democratic idea. The church takes its guiding principles not from Demos but from Christ, not from what is political but from what is religious. And presbyterianism, in so far as it exhibits elements of popular democracy in its system, does this, so to speak, accidentally; its essential idea is theocratic. It is that the church is composed of the people of God; and this supernatural society governs itself in His Name. This, again, is agreeable to the New Testament, where the Apostles—whatever their special function in regard to ordination—acted with the body of the people in matters of church legislation and government. The Church of Christ is a self-governing society; and its members are not to be put under a ruling any more than under a sacerdotal order, but are—in New Testament language—"kings" as well as "priests unto God".

In presbyterian polity, we not only maintain this principle in a general way, but have systematized and organized it in the representative body known as the "eldership". Here our use of the term "elder" is not to be identified with its use in the Pauline epistles; just as the use of the term "deacon" either in the episcopal churches or in the congregational, cannot be identified with the use of that term in the Book of Acts. These historical variations in terminology are not essentially important. The essential element about the presbyterian eldership is that church government is *church* government; and this means more than merely clerical government, for the church, while it *has* a ministry, *is* the body of the faithful. Of the practical value of the recognition and organization of this "lay" element in our church life, it is impossible to speak too highly. For one thing, it provides a far fuller and more reliable expression of the church's mind than any merely episcopal or clerical body—such as Convocation—can do; and this means that the policy adopted by presbyterian courts can rely on the support of the church as a whole to a degree which episcopally and clerically governed churches often fail to attain. Anyone who lived through the situation created in Scotland by the House of Lords judgment of 1904, and, on the other hand, that created in England after the rejection by the House of Commons in 1928 of the proposed revised Prayer Book, will appreciate this. In the former case, the church knew it had its people with it; in the latter, it was doubtful indeed how far this was so. Further, our system of securing representatives of the people in our courts distributes responsibility and interest; and this results in a more informed and intelligent church opinion and connection. Again, the two instances I have given from presbyterian Scotland and episcopalian Eng-

land illustrate this. I am sure that I speak the mind of every intelligent presbyterian when I say that our eldership is an invaluable element in our church's ecclesiastical system. I may add that, in our Presbyterian Church in England, women are eligible for the eldership.

III.

We pass now to the further development in presbytery of these New Testament ideas of the conciliar in government, the parity of brethren and the representation of the people. This development differentiates presbytery, not from episcopacy, but from the system of congregationalism. Our congregationalist friends are at one with us in maintaining conciliar or consultative government. We think, however, that they do not carry this principle far enough. They limit it to the individual congregation. But the visible church of Christ is more than the local congregation. Of course it began in Palestine—as it would begin in a mission-field to-day—with this unit. But as the church grew into the larger *ecclesia* of a town or district or nation, some provision was called for to carry the principle of conciliar government further. In the New Testament there is naturally but the beginning of this development; but, as history proceeds, we find a system of synods arising, and these gained more and more authority. Thus expression was found for the voice not merely of local congregations but of what I have called the larger *ecclesia,* and, in the end, of the Church Catholic. There is no new principle here; it is simply the conciliar idea developed to meet the needs of the growing church. It carries with it much that is of value, for it keeps congregations from parochialism of mind and encourages the catholic sense, giving, at the same time, opportunity for the organized expression of the judgment of the church as a whole.

In the Presbyterian Church, this larger polity is worked out in a thorough and effective fashion. We have what may be described as a *hierarchy of courts*. The session has authority over a congregation; the presbytery over a district; the synod or assembly over the whole church. (I have already mentioned that, in our complete theory, above all these should be an Ecumenical Council; but this, at present, is impracticable.) The relation of these courts to one another is carefully safeguarded; and, in particular, the prerogatives of the congregation are fully recognized and are not to be over-ridden. But there is a well-defined right of appeal from the decisions of a lower court to a higher. This is a notable feature of the presbyterian hierarchical conciliar system, and it is of especial value as a guarantee of justice. An administrative or disciplinary judgment in a session or presbytery can hardly be taken

on grounds which are unjust, because the issue may be appealed and so be called upon to maintain itself before a superior and impartial court. In practice, appeals are very few; but one reason for this is that the mere fact of their possibility tends to a high general standard of justice. I think that we may with reason claim that our system is the justest of all forms of ecclesiastical procedure. Of course, the courts of appeal are fallible; but I would say confidently that, in the Presbyterian Church, any judgment based on personal or local prejudice or partizanship is not likely to stand. This, which is a protection for the humblest member, is also a direct protection for a minister. We Presbyterians know nothing of what, in the Church of England, is called "the parson's freehold"; but, on the other hand, we do not leave our ministers to be subject to a congregational vote. The minister is responsible to the presbytery; and he can appeal to it—and, beyond it, to the Assembly—if the congregation has dealt with him unjustly, as it is conceivable a congregation might do with a faithful minister just because he was faithful. Again, such appeals are rare; indeed, they are practically unknown. But, again, the known right to them is a guarantee against injustice and a real protection of personal independence.

While, however, I have drawn attention to this aspect of justice in our system, it must not for a moment be thought that our courts are, except in very rare cases, occupied with legal appeals. On the contrary, the real business of our presbyteries and of the General Assembly is the spiritual work of the church. All the distinctively religious operations of the church find in the Assembly their supreme executive. The most notable example of this concerns Foreign Missions. There are churches in which the work of Foreign Missions is directed, not by the church as such, acting through its ecclesiastical system, but by voluntary societies in or associated with the church. Thus the Anglican Missions are carried on by the Church Missionary Society or the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; and the Congregational are carried on by the London Missionary Society. I need not say we recognize that splendid work is done by these Societies. Still, the idea is not the right one. Christ's command to evangelize the world was given to the Church itself. Therefore it is for the church itself, and not for merely a voluntary society in the church, to carry out that command. Our presbyterian polity acts on this idea; and its presbyterian courts—supremely, the Assembly—are the organs of its missionary work. This carries with it the assumption that every member of the church, just because he is a member of the church, is concerned with this work; and it is not left to him to join a Missionary Society or not as he chooses, for the church is the Missionary Society. I think that here, our ecclesiastical system has hold of an idea with religious significance and value in it.

IV.

The foregoing remarks may be sufficient to indicate the main elements in our presbyterian polity, and also why we regard it as expressive of the general principles of the New Testament. It may be added that it works most satisfactorily. Our members do at times criticize, say, our doctrinal standards or our forms of worship; and with reason, for in these we have much to learn. But I have never heard much criticism amongst us of our ecclesiastical machinery. This, of course, does not mean that the system is perfect. No system of polity, whether in the church or in the state, is perfect; indeed, a good system may and must have the defects of its qualities. It will be salutary for us to look at places where our presbyterian polity is imperfect, and where it may, with advantage, learn something from other systems.

One such place is obvious and does not need more than a word. The presbyterian ecclesiastical machinery is somewhat slow in its operation, and is not seen at its best in situations which call for promptitude of decision or action. There is here something to be said for a single administrator. But this is no more than can be said of any system of constitutional government. In the political sphere, we in England, who value and, I hope, will never lose our parliamentary system, may yet acknowledge that, at times, the expedition and efficiency of a political dictator has the advantage. This is not a serious defect in presbyterianism; and it is far outweighed by the value of the Apostolic principle of consultative rather than autocratic government as the fitting polity of the Christian brotherhood.

More worthy of notice from the religious point of view is that episcopacy has the idea of the Bishop as a "Father in God", which presbyterian parity lacks. In our system, the presbytery has a pastoral responsibility both for the ministers and the congregations under it; but what may be described as paternal care can hardly be exercised by a corporate body as it may be by one person—provided, of course, he be the right kind of person. Alike in cases which call for admonition and in cases which call for sympathy and encouragement, it is difficult for a presbytery to take action until the need has become apparent; moreover, responsibility for initiating such action is not one man's business more than another's. I would not have what I am saying misunderstood by those outside our church. Countless are the cases in which a presbytery has supported an individual or congregation in a time of need; and the spirit of brotherhood is never wanting. Further, in practice, senior members do have a paternal relationship to their younger brethren. Still, our system, as a system, imperfectly provides for this. Personally, I think that here is the one point in which episcopacy—at its best, for doubtless there are bishops who are only fathers-in-law

—has something to give to presbytery. In any scheme of union between episcopacy and presbytery, I would have nothing to do with a church *under* bishops as its supreme rulers; but I would not be obdurate against a church *with* bishops, who should be "fathers in God" especially to younger or lonelier brethren in the ministry.

The only other point in connection with the defects of presbyterianism which I shall mention is the reproach of our many divisions. Our episcopalian friends often say to us—and doubtless they feel it much more strongly than they say it—that their polity has maintained unity as ours has not proved able to do. I am going to admit this; but, in the first place, let it be said that the claim of episcopacy to be a guarantor of unity must not be made too sweepingly. As a matter of fact, there were many divisions under catholic episcopacy; and, in particular, the two great schisms of church history—that between the West and the East, and that at the Reformation—took place within that system. But, in modern Christendom, the episcopal church has not been split as the presbyterian has. We must admit this, and should accept the reproach of it. I agree, however, with two remarks upon it made by Principal Martin, of Edinburgh. One is that the readiness of some presbyterians to divide over matters of doctrine or practice is, in the main, "the exaggeration of a good thing". That good thing is that, as has been indicated in this article, our system invites and encourages our membership generally to take interest in and share the responsibility for everything in the church's life. Now, if you thus call on people to have conviction and conscience on such matters—and not merely, as in the papal church, to acquiesce submissively in the judgment of their ecclesiastical rulers—then there always will be a danger of division of mind, and of this being carried further into a separation of organization. The remedy for this is not to recall or restrain individual liberty but to educate it, so that people, in the exercise of conviction and conscience, will not, as Principal Rainy once phrased it, "mistake points for principles", or, even in standing for genuine principle, lose sight of the wider duty of remembering catholic unity in their contending for some particular truth. The other remark to be made about our presbyterian divisions is that—while they have been numerous and sometimes bitter—they have never been carried to the point of one section unchurching another or questioning the reality and validity of the other's orders. In short, presbyterians have often been guilty of *separatism,* but they have not been guilty of *schism.* Hence, as Dr. Martin points out, "the ease or the comparative ease with which, when circumstances had altered, the causes of dispute, seen in a new perspective, have faded away, and a whole series of re-unions has set in". The separations in presbytery have been, in some instances, ugly; but they are not fatal. They have been

disfigurements on the face of unity rather than a denial of its real being; and they never barred the door against a restoration of unity "as God offereth opportunity". That opportunity is patent, and, indeed, urgent in our day; and the reproach of our presbyterian divisions is being removed.

V.

Having thus recognized points in our system which may be open to criticism, I may be allowed now to mention certain features in the character of presbytery which are entitled to appreciation, and which we should cherish in our ecclesiastical heritage. I take three, which I shall do little more than name:

The first is that presbytery keeps before the minds of its people *the idea of the Church Catholic*. As has been indicated, its system is not merely congregational nor even—to use an objectionable but sometimes unavoidable word—denominational, but is a system for the larger and the universal *ecclesia*. The same is true of its theory of ordination to the ministry. In the presbyterian church, a man is not ordained to be the minister of a congregation or even to be a "presbyterian minister"; he is ordained—by "the laying on of the hands of the presbytery"—to minister Christ's Word and Sacraments, which are catholic, not local or denominational. In a like spirit, the Holy Communion, as celebrated in our churches, is open to members of all branches of Christ's Church; the Lord's Table is His, not ours, and we do not and dare not shut out from it any who are accredited as belonging to His Body. We accept the membership and the orders of other churches—unless laxity in these matters has gone so far as to make recognition impracticable —and we can be convinced Presbyterians and Protestants ourselves without unchurching Anglicans or even Romans. Thus the Presbyterian Church, while she trusts her children to be loyal and is grieved when they are not so, never teaches them to think of her as alone Christ's Church, but rather encourages them to Christian brotherhood with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and to say—as some who have the word "catholic" continually on their lips cannot say—"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church".

A second thing is that presbytery has stood for *the spiritual freedom of the Church*. We inherit the Calvinistic tradition in the Reformation, and have thus a far clearer record in this respect than is seen in either the Anglican or the Lutheran churches, both of which find themselves to-day in unhappy entanglements in their relations with the State. Here, in our view, is the only "high" churchism worth talking about. The word "high" is rather a banal one to use of Christ's Church; but, if we do use it, let us use it rightly. Surely I need not say that this is not a matter of ritualisms or vestments or things of that sort. The only true "high"

idea of the Church is that the Church is Christ's Church, and therefore must be free, in those spiritual matters—faith, morals, worship and discipline—on which He speaks to it, to listen and to follow His voice alone. This principle has been compromised and, indeed, surrendered by the Church of England, from the Elizabethan settlement down to and including the recent Enabling Act; and only in these last days, have our Anglican friends awaked to realize it. The Nonconformists have been and are the genuine "high" churchmen in post-Reformation England—though, I admit, they do not look the part so well as their sartorially superior episcopalian neighbours do. Presbytery has always held this idea of the church; and has both expounded it and also sacrificed for it as no other branch of the reformed church has done. And it is in presbyterian Scotland that, a few years ago, this "high" doctrine has achieved a complete vindication of its claim in terms of a settlement with the State which is a model for Christendom.

The third and last commendable element in the character of presbytery which I mention is that it has always taken a wide view of the Church's responsibility in *the service of the Kingdom of God.* The Presbyterian Church has been—despite some local and temporary lapses—faithfully evangelical, being assured that in the gospel of Jesus Christ is a saving message to be made known to men; and here is the reason why, in our churches, such a conspicuous place is given to the preaching of the Word. But, while this evangel is essentially personal, our best traditions have never made it merely private and individual. The Presbyterian Church has never encouraged "detached piety". It has sought to make not only Christian men but also a Christian people. An oft-quoted phrase of Dr. Chalmers says, "Who cares for the Free Church of Scotland compared with the Christian good of Scotland?" At its best, the Presbyterian Church has had a conscience about the public interests of the Kingdom of God as well as a gospel for the individual soul. It may be added that our ecclesiastical system of church courts is of value for the expression of the church's mind on these issues. We have never much liked that our ministers should—except for some exceptionally urgent reason—indulge in what is described as "bringing politics into the pulpit"; and there is the less justification for their doing so because, in Presbyteries and in the General Assembly, opportunity can be found for a more weighty testimony being borne on public questions—more weighty because not merely individual but collective, and because not merely clerical but also lay and, therefore, representative of the whole church. Any presbyterian—most of all, any presbyterian minister—whose religious interest is confined to his own congregation or even to the Presbyterian Church, and who has no vital concern for the welfare of the Catholic Body of Christ and for the

service of the Kingdom of God in the nation and throughout the world has mistaken the character of the ecclesiastical home which he inhabits and is not worthily carrying on its true tradition.

Such then—to conclude—are some elements of presbyterian principle and practice. This article has been—as I said at the beginning it would be—mainly descriptive; and I have not entered into controversial questions of doctrine or history which lie beneath some of the positions which have been assumed. On these questions —such as the theory of Apostolic Succession and the rise of the episcopate—we have no difference of opinion with our Congregationalist friends; and we should have little with our Anglican if we had to deal only with Anglican scholars. But, passing from this, I hope that enough has been said to show what presbytery is and, also, why we value it. A Stuart King is credited with the remark that episcopacy is the only religion for a gentleman. The remark invites retort, but is hardly worthy of it. This, however, I will say: Whether or not presbytery is fit for gentlemen, it is, emphatically, well fitted for *men*—for free men, for church men, for Christian men. It is for free men, who claim for themselves, as they are ready to respect in others, their spiritual franchise, while at the same time desiring an ordered freedom which can exercise authority as well as recognize liberty. It is for church men, who are not individualists in their religious nor sectarians in their ecclesiastical life, but would realize the responsibilities as well as the privileges of membership in the Body of Christ. And it is for Christian men, in that its structure is meant to express not merely administrative efficiency in the co-ordination of its parts, but also the Christian duties of brotherhood and of service. Such a polity we, who are its inheritors and its trustees, do well to value, remembering, however, that differentiations in order—as was said at the beginning of this article and may be repeated at its close—are secondary, and that it is little or nothing for a man to be a good Presbyterian if he be not also a good Catholic and, first of all, a good Christian.

WORTH NOTING FROM RECENT BOOKS

Of all the attempts to fill the vacuum left by a supine Christendom and an ineffective humanism the appeal of Communism has the most religious quality. It presents a complete philosophy for mankind if men are content to leave God out of their calculations. Its aim is unmistakeable, and in many respects noble; within its self-imposed limitations, which are considerable, it develops an economic theory which has an inexorable appeal to the working man, its programme attracts youth by its certainty, and its application in Russia has proved to its fearful opponents that it has a cohesive

quality and a driving power it was never supposed to possess. It has produced results, and good results, which is more than can be said of the great democracies during the last twenty years. And results have come because unity of theory and practice is part of the Marxist creed. And yet this amazing force has remained unstudied and misunderstood by the vast majority of Christians who have condemned it as godless, which it is, but have failed to see that even a godless philosophy when honestly applied can effect valuable reforms more solidly than a pagan society which pays lip service to a God whose demands it consistently neglects. One of the most pathetic spectacles of the war was the sudden change of attitude which attended Russia's entry on the side of the United Nations. The devotees of expediency paid their final sacrifice. Politicians and divines who had spent many years in vocal condemnation of everything Russian changed invective to praise when the reluctant enemy had become a helpful friend. But the more we know of Russia the more we become aware of the capacity of an avowedly non-Christian State to excel in just those aspects of social welfare whose development should be the peculiar province of a Christian people.

E. B. CASTLE, *Building the New Age.*

I look forward to a time when every boy and girl spends the whole day at school, having dinner and tea and staying for "prep", arriving home in the evening free to enjoy his family life for a brief space before going to bed. He will begin his school day with a short religious service, his studies will be carried through in conditions of quiet and suitable supervision; he will play his games and receive expert physical training; he will find plenty of time to take part in a wide variety of school societies; to use his hand and eye in workshop and art-room, or to browse in the library. In this way he will be getting the best of both worlds by enjoying almost the full life of the boarding-school and yet living with his family, especially at week-ends, and maintaining contact with the life of his town. Again, this can be done because it is being done. In any case there is much room for experiment along these lines.

E. B. CASTLE, *Building the New Age.*

Of the prohibition of the sale and use of tobacco.

It would be a mistake to see Conant and his friends [objectors to the prohibition] as enlightened liberals struggling against Puritan oppression. The Virginia Company and King James had held views like those expounded by the Massachusetts Bay Company. Various reasons might be advanced for the eventual victory of tobacco in the years which followed. One which has been overlooked was the experience of Captain John Underhill. That gentleman, or shall we say, that individual, was tormented for five years because he could obtain no assurance of Salvation, "till at length, as he was taking a pipe of the good creature tobacco, the Spirit set home upon his heart an absolute promise of free grace, with such assurance and joy, as he never doubted since of his good estate, neither should he, whatever sin he should fall into". Confident in his assurance of Salvation, he merrily and with a good conscience made successful advance to a neighbor's wife.

C. K. SHIPTON, *Roger Conant, A Founder of Massachusetts.*

FIFTY YEARS

By T. T. James, M.A.

It was in September of the year 1894 that I travelled from Leicester to Manchester to present myself as a candidate for entrance to the Lancashire Independent College. By an act of faith or of presumption I brought my luggage with me, putting it in at the Cloak Room at the Central Station pending the result of the Entrance Examination and the verdict of the College Committee. The deliberations of that body were presided over by Samuel Pearson, a man of parts who for many years carried bravely the leadership of the Great George Street Church, Liverpool, prior to his ministry at Broughton Park in Manchester. The Committee courageously arrived at a decision which enabled me to transfer my belongings from the Central Station to the College buildings in Whalley Range.

To think of Congregationalism as I first knew it in Manchester is to recall stalwart figures of the past. J. A. Macfadyen had died two or three years earlier, and memories of him were everywhere. One of the things we were continually told about him was that in a Sunday School of a thousand scholars he had known every child by name. At Chorlton Road he had built up a church of immense strength, largely by gifts of friendship and pastoral fidelity, though his powers of administration were very real, and his spoken words reached men by their sincerity. His successor, Albert Goodrich, had not long arrived, and was already making his own place. He was essentially a preacher, always keeping a good level, always effective if not deeply moving, never unprepared. I remember Goodrich, when he was leaving Manchester many years after, offering me all his volumes of Goodwin and Owen, but I diverted them to the Library at the Congregational Church House. He told me that at the beginning of his ministry, down at Braintree in Essex, he had always given one morning a week to the study of Goodwin and Owen, and had found it to be a rich field of exploration. Without saying that my own selection would be his, I am certain the practice of having some massive work on hand brings great reward. It delivers from the temptation to merely desultory reading, or from undue concern for the first article in the religious papers, or for some of the more ephemeral publications of the S.C.M. Press.

There were other interesting occupants of our Congregational pulpits. Alexander Thomson combined the care of the church at Rusholme Road with a Chair at the College. Hutton Brayshaw, already in the tenth year of his ministry at Zion Chapel, was to go on with undiminished usefulness until 1926. Alexander Mackennal was at Bowdon, inspiring many of his people to Christian service in

Manchester, and giving his last years in sustained fashion as one of the statesmen of our denominational life. Renshaw Bailey at Eccles was crowding that church in the first years of his ministry there, a man of scintillating brilliance. Memories were still fresh of Forsyth at Cheetham Hill, of Bernard Snell at Salford, and of Finlayson at Rusholme. The passing of Finlayson was an irreparable loss to a congregation which was not large but was essentially of his own making. David Walters, big in frame and heart, was serving the Chorlton-cum-Hardy Church in its formative days, and giving to it brave beginnings. Before long Charles Leach came to Cavendish, bringing with him admirable administrative ability and a spirit of hope; he was to be followed later by James Cregan, who perhaps contributed the best ministry exercised in that Gothic sanctuary since the days of Joseph Parker.

But of course the outstanding religious teacher and preacher in Manchester was not a Congregationalist but a Baptist. Alexander McLaren was by himself as a man of prophetic mould. Union Chapel was unique in its influence under his ministry, not only amongst the Free Churches, but in the city generally. Anglican bishops might come and go, Roman Catholics might have their following, but the word of McLaren was the word of religious leadership for the community. His church was really the University Church of the city, and University teachers, with students in crowds, sat at his feet. Age was already upon him, and he only preached on Sunday mornings. It was what we should in these days call the barest form of worship. He had no desire or love for anything else, and could be quite scathing about the possibility of change. At the end of a lecture on preaching given in our own College, a student asked him whether he believed in popularizing the evening service. "Do you mean", said McLaren, "to stick somebody up to sing the Holy City?" So at Union Chapel the worship went on through the years in its unadorned simplicity—three or four hymns, the Lesson, the long prayer, the sermon; but it was all instinct with strange power, with the gaunt figure of a prophet dealing with the things of the Spirit.

There was no Theological Faculty at the University in those days, and as students we took our Arts Course at Owens College, and our Theology at our own College. Owens, a constituent college of the Victoria University, in due course became the University of Manchester. At that time it possessed a very able array of teachers. A. W. Ward was still with us for a year before he left to become the Master of Peterhouse. Wilkins in Latin, Oliver Elton in English Literature, Samuel Alexander in Philosophy, were all scholars of real distinction who made notable contributions in their own field of learning. My own work at the University was in the History School, where T. V. Tout held the Chair of Modern His-

tory, and James Tait the Chair of Ancient. They were very different men; and it is of Tout that most vivid memories remain. He was, of course, a great historian, with a reputation which made his name known everywhere, a good teacher fortified by vast stores of knowledge. He was not only a lecturer speaking out of the fullness of equipment, but with an unusual and striking method of delivery. He had a sort of splutter which became familiar to all of us. It was a restrained splutter when he was dealing with the more arid fields of knowledge, say Stubbs on the Constitution, but it became more pronounced and indeed explosive when he reached matters like the French Revolution. His learning not only won our admiration, but his real and personal interest in his men won our affection.

Amongst the men in my lot were two who were the sons of Congregational ministers; young Lawrence, son of Eric Lawrence of Square Church, Halifax, and later of St. Annes-on-Sea, and Maurice Powicke, whose father was F. J. Powicke, minister for many years of the Congregational Church at Hatherlow, and one of the distinguished historians of Congregationalism. Of Lawrence I lost sight after our student days; Maurice Powicke is, as everyone knows, now the Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford. Maurice was easily the first of us as a student. He knew everything. He was very modest and unassuming about it, and we loved him for it. Of course, when it comes to examinations you can afford to be modest provided you know everything; it is when you are a bit short of information that you have to cultivate an air of assurance!

Recollections could still be encountered at Owens of two men of extraordinary personality who had been up long before my time, and had subsequently made notable contributions to English literature. W. H. Bennett used to talk to me about George Gissing, who belonged to his generation. Gissing was a classical scholar of brilliant promise. I once picked up an old University Calendar and noticed that he took every available classical prize. His student days were cut short by misfortunes largely springing from a temperament uncertain and impetuous. From time to time there is a renewed interest in Gissing's books, though I doubt whether *Demos* and *New Grub Street* are widely read now. I suppose *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft,* different as it is from everything else he wrote, will always win admiration and approval. That he had genius there is no question. About the same time that Gissing was at Owens, Francis Thompson must have been making spasmodic attendances at the Medical School, but his stay too came to an early end, and it was many years before the Meynells befriended him, strange and incalculable in all his ways, and sorely in need of the shelter they provided.

Robert Mackintosh came to Lancashire College to succeed J. M. Hodgson, translated to the Theological Hall at Edinburgh, at the same time that I began my student days. He was a shy and sensitive man. His mind was essentially critical and analytic, and he stirred men to active thought if not always to agreement. He was intensely stimulating as a teacher, alert to all that was happening in the world of scholarship, and loyal to the evangelical faith. In discussion no one could speak more discerning and discriminating words. Mackintosh was generous in his appreciation of ability, and indeed of all honest effort. He was not patient with folly, and slipshod thinking set him on edge. When he was on edge he generally said so. He had real gifts of friendship, but often men did not find him easy to approach, and he had no small talk. I do not think he ever deliberately closed the door on intimacy, but there were those who in his company discovered it difficult to find the door. He greatly loved his College, and he was very loyal to his own men. George Adam Smith said of him that he had one of the acutest minds in Scotland.

A. S. Peake came to Manchester with much distinction gained at Oxford, and under his hand Old Testament and New Testament History unfolded itself by treatment fascinating because rooted in real knowledge, modern in its setting, and imparted with attractive lucidity of expression. I doubt whether at that time a more interesting body of teachers could have been found anywhere than those at the University and at Lancashire College.

I am persuaded to mention one other provision made for us, instruction in elocution. In my time, after several experiments in other directions, the College arranged for this to be given by an actor, Ryder Boys. I don't know that he taught me very much about how to deliver a sermon, but I found great delight in his friendship. Whether he was in the first flight as an actor it is for others to say; but he played leading parts in Shakespeare with success, and was often at the old Queen's Theatre for long spells. He used to get me in an upstairs room somewhere in Deansgate, and set me delivering a sermon by Spurgeon. When I had done what I could, he went to it himself. I never saw Ryder Boys play Shakespeare, but he played Hamlet with Spurgeon! It was a joy to be with him because he was a sincere and good-hearted man, full of interesting talk, and never uncharitable. In later years, when I was working in the slums of Manchester, he would come down to our Lads' Club and freely give a recital that won the admiration and hearts of those boys off the street. Later still, when I was in Warrington, and he came to the theatre there, he always dropped in to see me and loved to talk of old days. The last I saw of him was in a Kardomah Café in Manchester; he was old and finished,

but his heart was still gay. I salute the memory of a gallant gentleman!

The Free Trade Hall is in ruins today, tragic fruit of the bitterness of war. It was there I heard Charles Santley sing in "The Messiah," and Paderewski make the piano into a thing of witchery. It was there that Albert Chevalier sang on and on because we would not let him stop. When I walk past its broken and blackened walls all sorts of things come back to me, and I am listening again to Ossian Davies that night when he turned a meeting inside out with a torrent of eloquence, or to John Morley when he spoke noble words about the meaning of liberty. In the same place I sat in the gallery in my last year as a student, when Joseph Parker from the Chair of the Union delivered an address which has done much to determine the whole shape of modern Congregationalism.

Manchester was very good to us in those days in its Maclarens, however you might spell their names. We had Alexander McLaren at Union Chapel on Sunday, and Archie Maclaren at Old Trafford on Monday. The best innings I ever saw Maclaren play only produced 37 runs; it was on a gluepot of a wicket and was the batting of a master. I often saw him make much bigger scores, but he was never a greater batsman than on that day. It was in the famous Test Match of 1902, when England wanted 124 to win for the fourth knock, and failed to get them by 3 runs. The last hour was tense and took living through. The first Test Match I was present at was in 1896, when Ranjitsinhji made his appearance for England. He had 154 in the second innings, and he was not out at the finish, sheer wizardry of batsmanship. Who knows anything about fast bowling in these degenerate days? In that match Richardson, the Surrey fast bowler, sent down in the two innings 110 overs and took thirteen of the seventeen wickets that fell. It was a miracle of stamina, and sustained poetry of motion. I watched W. G. Grace play his last innings at Old Trafford, and he made a noble exit.

No one knows his Lancashire properly who has not put in conscientious attendance at Old Trafford. There you may learn the true secret of northern wit and humour, and the observations of the crowd are part of the proceedings for which you pay your gate money. I recall a day when England were playing Australia, and making a poor job of it. Two of the Australians were there at the batting crease, and nothing would move them. They seemed to have been there for all time, and it looked as though they would be there for Eternity. Our bowling had become completely barren. It was at this point that a telegram arrived for the captain of the English side. The little yellow envelope was entrusted to a man in ordinary clothes, who emerged from the pavilion and made his way on to the field of play. He was dressed in black and wore very

baggy and ancient trousers. Armed with the missive, the strange figure was approaching the perspiring English captain when a stentorian voice rang out over the ground, "Can he bowl? Give him an over!" The dialect was what has been recently described as "Basic Bolton"!

There were great attendances of ministers at Old Trafford on Mondays, and I once saw a man writing down the scores in a hymn-book! He was noting the fact that Frank Sugg had made 43. Sugg was a mighty hitter to whom a bat was a battle axe. I don't recall that he did much in the field. Nobody really knew what his position was supposed to be, and probably he had instructions just to walk about. But with the bat he created consternation. No one talks about Frank Sugg now. The world quickly forgets its benefactors.

In the middle nineties at Lancashire College we were swept up in the flood of social passion that was finding expression in many quarters, provoked by the evils of poverty, the deadly drabness of the slums, and the ignorance and poverty of the masses. I think our imagination had been stirred by the actual experiments being made at Toynbee Hall and Mansfield House. At any rate the Settlement idea took hold of our minds. The district of Hulme, within comparatively easy distance of our own doors, presented us with a tremendous opportunity, in the sordidness of its life, its narrow streets, its desperate dullness. The Lancashire College Settlement came into being in 1895, with its first home in a cottage rented in River Street, where we ran a Lads' Club, with Bible Classes, recreation rooms, outdoor activities, and made a general attempt to befriend the neighbourhood. Later on we moved to larger and much more ambitious buildings in Embden Street, where it was possible to carry on wider and more varied work, and where we could as a Settlement House provide for seven or eight residents to share in the enterprise. It was to this task I went as Warden on leaving College, taking up responsibilities that had been carried by my friend and fellow-student, George Parker, who had gone out to Travancore to do notable service for the London Missionary Society.

The men actually in College put in a good deal of time at the Settlement, many of them sparing at least one night a week; and gradually we built up a body of residents, some professional men and some in business, who made their home with us, and often became deeply interested in the social and religious needs of the city. Changes have been very real in the district of Hulme since those days. Large tracts of property have been swept away under the Slum Clearance Act, and many back-to-back houses, with the most primitive sanitary arrangements, have disappeared. There existed at that time what were termed cellar dwellings, underground

places where men and women chopped wood during the day, and slept on the shavings at night. I still possess pictures of some of those dwellings, taken by the Photographic Society we formed in connection with our Men's Club. The average rate of wage for unskilled labour was eighteen shillings a week; children could be seen any day going about the streets in bare feet; Ragged Schools were crowded by boys and girls who were really in rags. In these war years, and by reason of evacuation, revelations have come to us about the poor districts of great cities, and the sorely neglected condition that is still the lot of many children. These revelations have been startling enough to arrest the social conscience, and to provide evidence of deep needs to be met; but I am convinced that conditions were worse and evils more widespread fifty years ago.

We were greatly fortified by many sympathizers in our Settlement work. I have never forgotten those who came to our Annual Settlement meeting. There was a visit from W. T. Stead. He travelled straight up from South Wales, where he had been making a personal investigation of the Welsh Revival. He was deeply interested in that mass movement of religion, and his words of criticism of it were few, while his hopes of permanent results in religion and social life were very high. Bruce Wallace and Percy Alden were amongst our guests, and on one occasion Jonathan Brierley of the *Christian World*. Wallace spoke to us as one who had made poverty his bride, and Alden brought an experience of East London which had become part of him. I always liked Alden because, among other things, he was furnished with a fresh story or two; he was a raconteur of the first order. I doubt whether we realize how much he did to broaden the social sympathies of Congregationalism in his early days.

All this has to do with long ago, and is just the jotting down of reminiscences as they come to me without much in the way of order or premeditation. Fifty years have made great differences in all directions. There have been great changes in Congregationalism, particularly in the ordering of our denominational life. Our modern organization has seen the County Unions much more closely knit to the Congregational Union of England and Wales, through the Council and the Standing Committees. Three great appeals have been carried through: the Central Fund, by which £250,000 was raised for the provision of a more reasonable minimum in ministerial salaries; the Forward Movement, which produced £500,000 for purposes of ministerial superannuation, the Widows' Fund, administration, the Denominational Schools, and the L.M.S.; and in these last years the Reconstruction Fund, which has provided £500,000 for the rebuilding of churches destroyed or damaged in the War. Ministers in their old age have now been

delivered from the complete penury with which they were faced in earlier times, and, while the Pensions available for the Widows of Ministers are still of the most meagre kind and cry out for reinforcement, they are a little better than they were. The Congregational Union has won the confidence and goodwill of our people generally, and perhaps that is the most notable of its achievements in the last twenty-five years. We have been made to feel that the Union is a brotherhood of Congregational folk. At one time speakers whose words were without a light to cheer the gloom dragged in the Memorial Hall to relieve things with a touch of humour, just as they dragged in Oliver Cromwell when they were short of applause. All that has gone, and the Union now stands out as the embodiment of the spirit of friendship.

The first appointment of Moderators in 1919 was an interesting experiment. There was something about it entirely new to Congregationalism, and it cannot be said to have grown out of any feature of our Congregational life already existing. It was regarded in many quarters as something imposed upon our Congregational order, and for that reason was looked upon with a good deal of hesitation and suspicion. It was felt by many that it might cut at the roots of freedom, interfere with the liberty of the individual church, and limit the right of the individual minister to discover his field of service. There was much open criticism of the experiment over a long period. I imagine too that every Moderator involved in that first appointment must have felt it to be a strange and adventurous undertaking, and must have faced the task with trepidation,

> Like one that on a lonesome road
> Doth walk in fear and dread.

Quotations are dangerous if carried too far, but anyone can look up Coleridge!

The Moderatorial system had already been working two years when it fell to me to share in it, and perhaps an experience of twenty-three years provides sufficient ground for recording some impressions.

(i) It is still in some quarters the impression that the time of a Moderator is largely occupied in dealing with the quarrels of churches, soothing those whose feelings are awry, or mending fellowships that have been split into fragments by deep-seated dissensions and differences. It may therefore be worth while to say that the number of crises of this nature is by no means great, and, on the whole, where difficulties arise, they are faced with understanding, patience, goodwill, and a Christian temper. There can be and there are sometimes instances where bitterness gains the upper hand, but the denomination is not overwhelmed with divided churches. The final result of years of experience is to leave on the

mind a picture of fellowships where Christian men and women live together in unity of spirit and happiness of association. Twenty-three years of going to and fro amongst our churches make it possible for me to preach with deepened conviction about the Church as the Body of Christ.

(ii) The problem of Settlements and Removals has not been solved. I believe some of its difficulties have been lessened and some of its hardness has been relieved. There are two different aspects of the difficulty that need presentation: on the one hand, pastorates can be too long, so that the usefulness of a ministry becomes exhausted, and a good minister discouraged. It has to be said that it is sometimes impossible to secure quickly, and sometimes impossible to secure at all, the change that is necessary, though I believe more is being done in the way of relieving such situations than ever before.

On the other hand, pastorates can be too short, so that men jump about from one place to another without doing any lasting good anywhere. It should surely be true that there comes a period in every man's ministry when he should settle down somewhere for a long spell, and put the impress of his influence and character upon a generation within his own church, and upon the life of the community.

This is an age of restlessness in which we are all bound up together, ministers and churches. It is sometimes possible to mistake temporary for permanent difficulty, and the solution of a perplexing situation may be in facing the thing and seeing it through. Patient and courageous continuance is sometimes the line of duty. The Moderatorial System adds nothing to our strength if it comes to be regarded as a means of securing a line of retreat from difficulties that ought to be overcome.

The problem of Settlements and Removals cannot be completely solved. The difficulty is inherent in our Congregational system. If churches are to retain their right of final decision, and ministers are to preserve their liberty of choice, there must always be a margin of disappointment and of hope deferred.

(iii) Are we moving towards some modification of the Congregational order of church government? I should say from experience that the individual church still cherishes as one of its chief privileges the right of independence, the freedom to make up its own mind. The criticism I should make is that the emphasis is so often put in negative fashion, upon the *right* of freedom from all external control, and too seldom in positive fashion upon the *privilege* and *responsibility* of exercising freedom under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The conviction of the individual church as to its autonomy at any rate remains. Doubtless there is a body of opinion in our churches which would accept some modification of

this position, and the same may be true of our ministry. It may be that considerable welcome would be forthcoming for a form of connexional constitution, with central authority and some real control of the local church from outside its borders. For me it has no attraction. I am really an Independent, though I believe with all my heart in all the co-operation we can get. I have never looked upon Congregational Unions, whether national or local, as anything but voluntary associations of independent units, sharing as fully as possible in the common tasks laid upon us, and very valuable and very necessary. But anything in the way of central authority which might contain the possible danger of credal tests for the ministry or for membership of the Church, or anything which tended to emphasize the distinction between minister and layman, would to me be a threat to our witness. If I had to begin again I should like to go in at the same gate. I should like to be called by a Congregational folk. I should like them to promise to meet my material needs provided I cared with God's help for their spiritual well-being. If there are risks about it all, they are less and not greater than they were fifty years ago. If there is lack of security, while remedy for that should be sincerely sought, I would say that security is not our first concern.

In 1942 Dr. H. F. Stewart published *The Apology of Pascal*, selections from the *Pensées* dealing with the defence of Christianity. Now, in *The Heart of Pascal* (Cambridge Press, 6s.) he gives us

> the remainder of the scribbling contained in the great album which the Benedictines of Saint-Germain-des-Prés caused to be formed out of the scraps collected in Pascal's death chamber,

describing them as Meditations and Prayers, Notes from his Anti-Jesuit Campaign, Remarks on Language and Style, *etc.* Dr. Stewart has done a piece of work for which scholars have reason to be grateful, and not least in letting them see the disjointed notes for the *Lettres Provinciales*, which

> admit him to Pascal's workshop, or rather to the bedside of the sick man, feverishly drafting phrases for his pamphlets.

Serampore is the bright star in the firmament of the Baptist Missionary Society, but it is doubtful whether many Baptists know much of the story told by the Rev. Ernest A. Payne in *South-East from Serampore* (Carey Press, 5s.). Missions that turn out failures are often forgotten, and those that live are given all the glory; but there is much that is heroic in the history of lonely men working in Amboyna, Batavia, Sumatra, *etc.* It is a striking fact that in Java there has been more success in winning converts from Islam than anywhere else. A table of dates and a long letter from Carey to his son Jabez add to the interest of the book.

Sir Ernest Pooley probably knows as much about the City Guilds as anybody, and his illustrated *The Guilds of the City of London* in the "Britain in Pictures" series (Collins, 4s. 6d.) is a fascinating volume. The loss of many of the Halls of the Guilds by bombing is much to be deplored, and we wonder what will rise in their places. Authors who use tags from other languages should always give an extra eye to their proofs (p. 22).

RELIGION AND MORALITY AMONG THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS

By WILLIAM BAND.

The writer of this article, Professor of Physics in Yenching University, formerly in Peiping, is now on leave in England. On 8th December, 1941, after twelve years in China, he escaped from Japanese occupied Peiping, and for nearly two years he and his wife were guests of the Chinese communist armies operating as guerrillas in the rear of the enemy in Hopei Province. Not until August, 1943, were they able to get through the Japanese front lines, and they did not reach Free China until January, 1944, after walking over 1,000 miles in mountainous country. An account of their adventures will appear in a forthcoming book.—EDITOR.

RUSSIAN communism developed its mania for atheism as an inevitable reaction to the fact that, allied with feudalistic oppression of the masses there was a powerful spiritual enslavement by the Orthodox Church. No such unholy alliance has ever existed in China, and the reaction of the Chinese communists has not been so violent.

The religions of China, for the most part centred around the rites of ancestor worship and the maintenance of the family as a social unit, have never been a serious instrument for the exploitation of the masses by any governing class. Superficially, one might assert that religion has been a tool in the hands of parents and grandparents for the control of their offspring, and that in rebelling against family tyranny the communists should have rebelled against religion. But parents, grandparents, or ancestors-to-be, do not form a social class with common interests that clash with those of the younger generation; there can be no economic advantage to be gained by parents acting together across family boundaries in opposition to the interests of their offspring. The whole idea of ancestor-worship was based on the family as the unit; no extra-family social contacts could seriously break the mutual relations between parent and child except in individual crises. It was not a class problem. Ancestor worship has therefore never led to any oppression of the young as a class; the family system has prevented such a class from ever gaining consciousness of economic existence. The break-up of the family system in China is coming naturally as a result of industrialization, not from any political revolution. Ancestor worship will die a natural death along with absolute familism; there will be no violent anti-religious movement needed to suppress it.

Official Communist Attitude to Religion in China.

The official policy of the Chinese Communist Party is to protect China's heritage of freedom in religious belief and ritualistic practice. In no other country in the world has religious toleration been so successfully maintained as in China. The communists believe that this heritage is a precious contribution to human culture, and should be preserved as one of the fundamental pre-requisites to the building up of a truly democratic society.

As individuals, however, most of the Chinese communists appear to have accepted the classical Marxist attitude to religion, and are convinced atheists. In practice they do not attempt to turn religious people from their beliefs. We have seen non-party sympathizers who are militant atheists, and we know party members who are Christians: some of them carry the New Testament about with them. The majority appear to be indifferent regarding religious questions.

Christian Missions in the Communist Areas of China.

The relationship between Christian missions and the Chinese communists has been less unfortunate in North China than elsewhere in the country. During the insurrectionary period between 1927 and 1936 certain sections of the communist forces were guilty of great excesses; before 1927 the communists must also take their share of responsibility with the rest of the national revolutionary movement for anti-foreign outrages. But since 1936, when the communists set up their stronghold in Shensi, and began building their anti-Japanese war bases in Shansi, Hopei, and Shantung, their attitude and behaviour have undergone a complete change.

Since the formation of the United Front at Sian, as the price of the Generalissimo's release in December, 1936, the communists have won the whole-hearted support of all sections of the Chinese community in the North; and for the people in Japanese-occupied cities the name of the communist army has become synonymous with everything patriotic.

While of course there has been no official connection between the Protestant Christian Missions and the Eighth Route Army in North China, individual missionaries of many denominations have rendered valuable aid to the Chinese patriots since the Japanese began the invasion in 1937. For obvious reasons no details of this work can be published before all internees in China have been liberated. The point to be emphasized is that this service is known to and greatly appreciated by the communist leaders of the guerrilla forces. Since the Pacific war started, this liaison has had to cease, but goodwill remains as a permanent basis of possible future understanding.

The same can hardly be said of the Catholic Missions, whose

definitely anti-communist sentiments have prevented mutual understanding and limited co-operation in the patriotic movement. This is particularly unfortunate because throughout the country districts of Hopei and of northern Shensi, the Catholics had a very extensive field of service among the peasant peoples. Through this field we saw many abandoned Catholic church buildings. One of these had been taken over by the local democratic government authority for use as a school building. Rent was being collected from the tenants of the land formerly owned by this church, and put to use to defray expenses. Another was occupied by an Arts Academy under direct control of the communist party. The majority were being used by the army itself either for hospitals or as auditoria for mass meetings, drama performances, or propaganda exhibitions. None of the buildings had been damaged in any way.

The Catholic Mission was one of the wealthiest land-owning interests in North China before the war; it is the only one to have been dispossessed by the communists. And even this, the communists claim, was because the Catholics fled when the Japanese invaded North China, and dared not return when the areas were liberated by the communists. This point is made not in any argumentative spirit; we wish merely to give an assurance that the communists disclaim any direct opposition to the work of the Catholics, so leaving the way open for future reconciliation. Whether lands will be returned will depend upon decisions taken in the future by the Chinese Government.

The problem of an early return to mission fields now under communist influence is, at the moment, rendered more difficult by the political blockade imposed by the National Government upon those areas. No Chinese dare, and no westerner is normally permitted, to enter the region from Free China. Our own entry from Peiping was, of course, a matter over which the Chinese Government had no control; our later transfer from communist to nationalist areas was a matter requiring very diplomatic handling. Now, however, there are definite hopes of a reconciliation between the two parties in China, and it does not seem too early at this stage for missions to plan for a prompt return to their country stations in North China as soon as it becomes possible.

Of special interest here is the communists' treatment of racial and religious minority groups in North China. At democratic assemblies throughout their regions racial minorities are allowed by law their own proportionate representation. Tibetans, Manchurians, Mongolians elect their own special delegates at all congress meetings. We attended the first full democratic congress of the Hopei Border Region; priests of many different persuasions were present as popular representatives. The fundamental note in all these forward areas is United Front resistance to Japan.

Where a local community wishes to maintain its ancient temple, local government funds are voted towards its upkeep. Temples are generally in good repair through the communist areas: Buddhist, Confucian, Taoist, Lamaist, Mohammedan, one and all welcome the guerrilla soldier, not so much for worship as for shelter and rest during his forced marches. Temples and their priests constitute an important part of the army's intelligence system; as officers in local government priests make excellent liaison officers between army and people. An army on the march often makes for the local temple to collect the latest information about enemy troop dispositions.

In one temple in Shansi we discovered a whole courtyard given over to a most gruesomely realistic materialization of the Buddhist hell. It was in perfect repair; the exhibits were superior by far to those in the famous temple of hell near Peiping. We were marching at the time with an army regiment; we all had our midday meals as it were in Hades, assisted by the priests and acolytes. Many of the army boys went to sleep on the floor at the feet of monstrous demons. After the horrors of the Japanese war, the horrors of hell meant even less to these boys than they did to us; we chose the feet of one of the buddhas as a more suitable resting-place.

In one village where we lived for several months, drought threatened the crops during early summer. The peasants joined with those of two other nearby villages in a series of prayers for rain. During these ceremonies a vow was made that should rain come within three days a goat would be slaughtered in honour of the dragon king or rain deity. Rain did come. One of the villagers selected an old billie goat, slaughtered it without ceremony, and sold it in shares carefully divided among those co-operating in the prayer processions. The Chinese peasant does not let his religious activities become a strain upon his economic resources: he cannot afford to do so.

The communist army officers look upon these old customs with indulgence; they feel that the gradual spread of a scientific education will cause them to die a natural death, and that there is no need for anti-religious campaigning.

Communism and Theology.

On several occasions we talked at length with college boys working with the communist army on religious and philosophical topics. The gist of some of these talks can best be given in the form of the following imaginary dialogue:

> *Communist:* We are not so much interested now in the relation between science and religion: it is evident that modern scientists have withdrawn from their true position under the influence of bourgeoisie class interests. What we are now concerned to know is how the modern Christian can reconcile

the existence of God with this terrible war. We feel that such a reconciliation is so obviously not possible that Christianity will be greatly weakened in its appeal to intellectual people.

B.: The problem of suffering is no new problem to the Christian apologist; and I am no expert on this question. One fundamental point is that the Christian intellectual regards suffering as a means for the development of personality, in much the same way as you regard struggle as necessary for growth.

C.: Do you mean that God guides the Japanese here into the Border Region to burn, rape and murder just to give the peasants a chance to develop their personalities?

B.: Of course not! Our idea is that God, as a loving Father, willingly limits himself so that his children shall have freedom to learn by mistakes, undoubtedly at terrible cost, but necessary to the evolution of a mature race.

C.: Would God, as a loving Father, allow the Japanese, his own children, to behave in the way they do? If our parents allowed their children to murder each other, and commit all the beastly crimes that have been done here by the Japanese, we should have no respect for them whatever. And if in fact parents so spoiled their children, educated them so badly that they grew up like that, we should condemn such parents to severe punishment for anti-social behaviour.

B.: But these evil-doers are not getting away with it. Justice will be done to them, and, if you will permit us to say so, you are the instruments for the administration of that justice: God is working through you for that purpose.

C.: That is an unnecessary assumption! And in any case a God who can be so cynical as to let such terrific evil come into the lives of innocent people, and so wrathful in his vengeance upon the Japanese afterwards, must be a very stupid old fellow. There is nothing but misery on all sides; a little wise parental guidance at the outset would have prevented the whole ghastly business.

B.: Theologians go deeper than I have done. It is believed that this world of matter is only a preparation for a higher life to come. Maybe there is no other intellectually satisfying way of understanding the existence of evil in the world unless indeed we agree that the universe is essentially evil, human aspirations mere nonsense, mind an epiphenomenon.

C.: Not at all! The world is neutral, morally: it is neither beautiful nor ugly, true nor false. Basically it forms a background of uniformity against which the human mind creates its own values. Goodness cannot exist without evil against which it is contrasted, just as light without darkness would be imperceptible, music without silence a mere noise, matter without empty space as hypothetical as ether. The human mind is knowledge in contrast with ignorance. In struggle with

ignorance we have hopes of progress in this world; there is no need to invent another universe still harder to understand than our own.

B.: There you are up against a problem. What hopes? Unless there is something in addition to the average uniformity of the material universe, what can progress possibly mean? If goodness creates its dialectical opposite in evil, how can we defeat evil unless it is by a nirvana process of suppressing good in order to smooth out the evil?

C.: No! That is reactionary Buddhism. We do believe in the possibility of transforming the struggle between good and evil into one between knowledge and ignorance. Our idea of progress is in the pursuit of the unknown in a classless society.

B.: You still have to admit some standard beyond this universe against which even progress in knowledge can be measured. There is no measurement that is not a comparison; and a comparison requires a standard. If you limit yourself absolutely to one material realm, all arguments become circular when carried through logically to the end. If the universe is in fact neutral, then we can never eliminate evil without destroying the value of good, nor can we hope to conquer ignorance without thereby destroying the value of knowledge. We shall be trying to lift ourselves by our own shoe-laces.

So the argument would run, both sides unconvinced. But there was no doubt that they derived great inspiration and much sound guidance from their dialectical materialism, no matter how inadequate it may be as a deep philosophy. And in practical ethical living we could not criticize them as being inadequately provided with a spiritual strength which would be the envy of more religious men.

Religion and Morale.

It was equally clear that this dialectical materialism could not touch the common soldier or the peasant. What then was the secret of their morale through so many years of bitter, almost hopeless, struggle against sickness and poverty, and their ruthless enemy, the Japanese? The Chinese soldier is not religious. There has never been a "holy war" in China except the holy wars waged against her by imperial fanatics in neighbouring States. Classically the Chinese have been too reasonable to fight; they have had better tricks. Invading conquerors were absorbed; civil wars were waged with silver bullets, soldiers were employed only as instruments for controlling the population upon whom the warlords lived. In modern China the situation is very different. In particular—and this goes both for the communist and the nationalist armies—they have rejected the appeasement and absorption technique in

their struggle with the Japanese. What then is the driving force behind their excellent battle morale?

When we first met it in the guerrilla areas, we received a strong impression that the Japanese had been set up as a personification of the devil, anti-Japanism being a form of religious fervour. Everything in the Hopei Border Region seemed to have a prefix: "*K'ang Jih:* Resist Japan". They had resist-Japan government, resist-Japan drama clubs, resist-Japan schools, resist-Japan labour unions, resist-Japan co-operatives, and resist-Japan rice-bowls. Needless to say, maximum use was made of the peoples' natural hatred of the marauding invaders, but there was nothing equivalent to Hitler's hatred of the Jews, or even of the Russians' hatred of the German hordes. No doubt Chinese mobs can be, as they have been in the past, violently anti-foreign; we shall probably see evidence of that in occupied cities towards the close of the war. But the enthusiasm of the communist army for their resist-Japan warfare is no blindly uncontrollable anti-foreign mob hysteria. We could see this most clearly in their treatment of Japanese prisoners. In Fuping-hsien a unit of Japanese prisoners was billeted in a neighbouring village. We used to watch them playing baseball between their hours of work; they were preparing anti-war literature in their own language. They seemed to have been accepted by the villagers on a perfectly friendly basis. The best evidence of this was in the attitude of the children of the village. Almost every day we used to walk around three or four villages, and we got to know the village children very well. They would wait for us and throng around us to ask the time, hear our watches tick and our funny accent, and above all to make fun of our big noses. As we approached, they would come dashing out shouting at the tops of their voices, "Da betze! Da betze!" ("Big nose!"), dancing up and down with joy. Seldom was there any attraction elsewhere to detract from the news-value of our arrival. One day, however, there was a shift around of billets. The radio school moved into our village, and the Japanese unit was moved to where the radio school had been; with a considerable surprise for the children of that village. A day or two after the move we went our usual walk. As we approached the village where the radio school had been, the whole gang of children came running across to us with a welcoming shout: "Lao pengyu!" ("Old friends!"). When they came within whispering range, the ring-leader came up and, pointing back over his shoulder at the Japanese boys playing ball, said in an awed tone: "Be careful! They're Japanese!" "Oh! But they'll be all right; they are with the eighth route army!" "Yes, we know; but better be careful, anyway!" We passed through without a single *"Da betze!"* that day. But next time we arrived, it was *"Da betze!"* again; the novelty

of the Japanese had worn off, accepted as part of the normal village life. In fact, once accepted by the army for anti-war work, the Japanese prisoner was treated as a perfectly honourable member of their society.

Political Awakening.

The superb morale of the peasant armies cannot be explained in terms of hatred. It can only be understood with reference to the skilful harmonizing of army and people; the dominant note in the harmony being "political awakening". The people know only too well the meaning both of feudal oppression and imperialist aggression—their own children had been starving on their account. And through the political renaissance the people also know the good they are winning for themselves and the coming generations. Political freedom is no mere promise; it is an actual reality among them. This is the real basis of their morale. The programme of United Front Democracy and resistance to Japan has released a surge of enthusiasm, a re-birth of faith and courage at least equal in power to that produced in less rational people by religious fanaticism.

These people have been struggling against Japanese domination now for eight years, completely surrounded and cut off from outside help, subject to repeated ruthless onslaughts, with no more protection than that afforded by guerrilla warfare for which arms and equipment had either to be produced at home or captured from the enemy. It would be hard to devise a more severe test of endurance: these thirty million people have never entertained hopes of winning through to victory in less than ten years of bitter suffering. They have never once wavered. The same goes for the army.

In making this estimate we have been careful not to think in the same terms as one would use in reference to western armies. Our armies are composed of men whose education has already established them on a comparatively high cultural level; they are already fully conscious members of a well-grounded democratic society; they can willingly submit themselves to a more-or-less dictatorial discipline without danger of slipping too far back. Here in North China the fighting men are simple-minded peasant lads whose democratic experience goes back only a few years at most. Political ideas are new and thrilling to them; they have had no education but what the army itself is giving them; they have no mental reserves to fall back upon as individuals.

If we are expecting these youngsters to fight fascism for democracy, we must ask them to fight it with democratic methods; if we want them to fight for a cultural renaissance we must give them a cultural renaissance to fight for; otherwise they will not know what it all means. This is the core of the Chinese communist policy for the conduct of the "total guerrilla warfare" against the Japanese.

The only other way of fighting a war in China with fighting men from the poorest peasant classes would be deliberately to starve them of political freedom and enlightenment, remove all hope of relief from exploitation, and give the conscript soldier better treatment than he could expect at home. That would produce a fighting machine, but it would be a fascist machine, not a communist army. Its morale would be a measure only of the terrific physical endurance of the Chinese race. And against keen competition with the puppet troops—which are just such a fascist army set up by the Japanese—well-equipped and well-fed, such a fascist Chinese army would have no chance of survival in areas behind the enemy's rear.

Morality and Discipline.

In their campaign for cultural leadership in areas liberated from the enemy the communists have realized the need for superiority not only in intellectual matters, but also in morality. Cultural leadership of a vigorous farming community can never be consistent with moral flabbiness. And, in all our experience, we have never seen a more Spartan group than the communist Eighth Route Army. What would the normal young recruit in any western army feel if he were presented with the certainty that he would be completely deprived of his beer and his girl friends for a period expected to be anything between five and ten years? Yet that is the certainty for every boy in the Eighth Route Army; and they are all volunteers. These boys are not angels, and they are not abnormal. Possibly their meatless diet—they are too poor to afford better—has something to do with it. Probably the shock of seeing Japanese bestiality has had its sobering effect. The maintenance of moral behaviour and personal happiness is again through democratic group disciplinary methods, not by repressive dictatorial edict from above. Here is one typical example. A young signaller, apprenticed to the headquarters radio station, had proved himself lazy, sleeping at his key; instead of doing useful work he idled his time translating code messages into plain language—a criminal offence; when he was supplied with a new uniform he sent part of the suit home to his parents. On any of these counts he would have been court-martialled in any other army. He was given fatherly talks by the "political commissar", but without effect. Then he was discovered to be flirting with one of the girls in the village. His friends and fellow-workers cautioned him, and his commissar gave him another reprimand. Still he persisted: he claimed his intentions were honourable, and that the girl's family had no objections. When he was discovered to be exchanging gifts with the girl, a disciplinary meeting was called, at which his fellows accused him of planning improper relations with the girl. They pointed out

that he knew well enough that the army enforced a strict rule against marriage unless the fiancée is also an army or party worker, or qualified to become one after marriage. In this case the girl was quite unqualified, and had no intention of leaving her home. Any relations the boy was planning must therefore be immoral. It took the group a whole day's session arguing with the lad before he would admit his error; but in the end he did. To help him to correct his behaviour, his work was changed, and he was moved to another unit some miles out of the way.

We were told by one of the physics men in the radio school that in all his six years' life with the army, where he had been operator for a regiment, there had been only a few isolated instances of irregular or disorderly conduct among the fighting men. We ourselves lived for two years actually among the men of the Chinese armies, and marched a thousand miles with different units during that time; and we never once saw a drunken or disorderly Chinese soldier. In fact, through all our fifteen years in China we have seen less disorderly conduct among the Chinese than anyone could see in a day among our own troops in Calcutta; and our boys would only be behaving normally under the circumstances, at that.

Contrast, however, the Chinese scene with the other side of the Oriental picture: the Japanese holocausts in Nanking. Apologists for the Japanese have tried to account for Nanking as a pardonable exception. But the same kind of ugly business appears to have been repeating itself continually in the Border Regions of North China; it is apparently a normal phenomenon among the Japanese troops, and no doubt has basic psychological causes. The Japanese have deliberately debased the morals of their fighting men, and they fight like wild beasts. Against these horrors the Chinese have reacted in what is in fact a puritan revival, with a political instead of a theological rationalization.

The communist democratic methods of discipline in the Chinese army are of course open to serious criticisms. They are more liable to corruption than the strict methods generally employed. Their advantage is in giving the idealism that actually exists—although they call it by a different name—its maximum propaganda value in maintaining morale and discipline among the troops. The self-sacrificial spirit among the leaders is in fact the main source of the army's fighting power. And even if we disagree with the rationalization, we must nevertheless admit the practical results so far achieved, and the hopeful promise for the future that these results imply.

Conclusion.

The above report may seem to readers to be unduly compli-

mentary to the Chinese communists; in order to set off any over-emphasis that may seem to be implied, I will, at the risk of repeating what others have said before, add a few words about the nationalists and the nationalist-communist problem in China.

First, let the reader remember that the nationalists have been fighting Japan with equal sincerity and heroism. Secondly, that the nationalists' social and political programme is less radical and therefore less spectacular; and it must be realized that emotional fervour can hardly be conjured up around relatively conservative, though perhaps more realistic, plans for reconstruction. Thirdly, the nationalists include almost the whole scholar-gentry class, and while they are as a whole pledged to a campaign for the political liberation of the peasant masses, there have been considerable sections of the gentry not thoroughly in sympathy with this campaign, and so liable to backsliding in times of hardship. That the more progressive elements of the Kuomintang have been able to carry the day, and bring the party through the bitter period of loneliness and doubt between 1941 and 1943, is of tremendous significance. The communists had no such problem to solve; the Japanese cleared out all reactionary elements from the areas later liberated from the enemy by the communists, who have therefore been carrying out their programme of reform in specially receptive communities. On the other hand, the progressives within the Kuomintang have had the much harder task of keeping the whole nation moving forwards.

Again, it goes almost without saying that the nationalists as a whole believe in religious freedom: as I said, toleration is a Chinese characteristic; to be intolerant is to be un-Chinese. That the communists should also be tolerant on religious matters is indeed remarkable; it has been emphasized here as a compliment to the Chinese, rather than to their communism.

Shortly after we reached Chungking from the communist area, it was arranged that a party of Chinese and western journalists from Chungking should visit Yenan, the communist "capital"; and it would seem appropriate here to quote from a leading article that appeared in the *Ta Kung Pao,* an independent paper in Chungking, from the pen of one of the Chinese journalists after his return:

> On our trip to Yenan, our feelings were not quite the same as those of the foreign correspondents in the party. . . . As Chinese visiting Chinese territory and Chinese people, we felt deeply about Yenan's merits and demerits. If there were any shortcomings, we felt regretful, because shortcomings in Yenan mean also a setback to China; when we saw progress in Yenan we were not jealous, but happy and gratified because such progress was the achievement of Chinese and meant a part of Chinese strength.

In the same way, it is hoped that the above estimate of the success of the Chinese communists will not be deemed a disparagement of the nationalists. The nationalist party has made blunders, of course; so have the communists—worse than blunders perhaps. But the great point is that the Chinese are so reasonable and cultured that they can even humanize their communism. And if at times of crisis in the past outrages have occasionally been committed, extremism in any form is essentially foreign to the Chinese; we may confidently leave the smoothing out of political differences to their own native genius for compromise according to the ancient doctrine of the golden mean.

Charles Roden Buxton! The name takes us back to a previous existence, when in the election of 1918 we spoke on Mr. Buxton's platform in the Accrington division. *Prophets of Heaven and Hell* (Cambridge Press, 6s.) reveals from whence Mr. Buxton, who died in 1942, received his inspiration. His prophets are Virgil, Dante, Milton, and Goethe, and his essay maintains that they have been not only the best spokesmen of western civilization, but the bearers of a message which is timeless. Readers will find Mr. Buxton's essay full of suggestion and constantly provocative of thought. We doubt, however, whether he knew much of the modern pulpit (p. 111), and wonder what he meant by his reference to Arminianism on p. 52.

We consider that Mr. Kenneth Ingram, in his *Guide to the New Age* (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d.), is so much in the right that it is a pity he talks at the top of his voice all the time: "the young soldier and his girl" for whom he writes will be inclined to stop listening before they hear the "economic standpoint", to say nothing of the "democratic, moral, international, and political". Practical people like the British do not regard "better sanitation, better transport, health services, and the like" as "incidents", and Mr. Ingram harms his advocacy of socialism by minimizing them. When this has been said, it remains true that older folk as well as the young soldier and his girl will do well to read the book: they need to be reminded that "anyone who makes a phobia of communism is liable to find himself sooner or later in the fascist camp", and to be made to see how easily fascism could be established here. Mr. Ingram is dissatisfied with the Labour Party, and believes a united Left is a necessity, and the best way to secure it, he holds, is to join Common Wealth. He wrote, of course, before the General Election.

The Headmaster of Sherborne commends Mr. W. N. Carter's *Thinking Things Out* (R.E.P., 1s. 6d.) because it gives clear, succinct, and definite theological teaching. Whether "Talks about God and You" given to young people should have the kind of "definiteness" Mr. Carter's book exhibits is a matter for argument: that it is clear and succinct we agree.

Scotland has made a fine contribution to the work of the London Missionary Society, so much so that there was no need for the Rev. J. M. Calder in *Scotland's March Past* (Livingstone Press, 1s. 6d.) to start pinching Englishmen!

We hope Dr. D. P. Thomson's *Eric Liddell* (Glasgow: McCorquodale, 1s.) will have a wide circulation among youths and boys in England—as it is sure to have in Scotland. It is the stirring story of a great athlete and a great Christian.

HYMNS OF MORAVIA

By Sydney H. Moore, M.A.

When John Huss was burnt in the "Devil's Place" at Constance on 6th July, 1415, the man Sigismund, emperor, coward and perjurer to boot, thought he would thereby extinguish the heresies of Bohemia. His action, however, only brought about a 300-years-long resistance against Roman Catholicism on the part of the Bohemian Reformers; many of these took refuge in Moravia during the struggle, and have since been called the Moravian Brethren. Their numbers were increased in 1480 by the immigration of several hundred Waldensian refugees. One generation of persecutors was succeeded by another, and it was not until the third decade of the eighteenth century that the Brethren decided to quit Moravia (which was far too near Vienna to be healthy for them) and to seek in Saxony or some other German land a place where they might live in peace, and worship undisturbed. This they found at once when they received, *via* Pastor J. A. Rothe, subsequently one of the greatest of the Moravian hymnwriters, an invitation from Rothe's patron, Count Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, to settle down on the latter's estate at Berthelsdorf in Lusatia. Their first hut was built on the Hutberg, a mile or two from Berthelsdorf, on 17th June, 1722. By a pious pun the name of Herrnhut was given to the town that grew up within a year or two on the slopes of the hill. Parties from Moravia continued to join the community until 1733. The year of supreme importance to the colony was 1727, when Zinzendorf himself, forsaking the prospect of a brilliant career, came to Berthelsdorf, re-inaugurated the *Unitas Fratrum*, the Society of the United Brethren of Herrnhut, and irrevocably linked up his future with theirs.

Count Zinzendorf was a very great hymnwriter, but he by no means sums up, as some modern hymnologists would imply, the contribution made to world-hymnody by the Moravians. Away back in 1504, a score of years before Luther wrote a hymn, they had possessed a hymnbook of their own in Czech, compiled by Archbishop Lucas. In the great hymn-year, 1524, when the *Achtliederbuch* made its appearance in Wittenberg, they sent thither a deputation, consisting of Pastors Michael Weisse, a converted monk of Breslau, and Johann (later Bishop) Horn, bearing fraternal messages of love and sympathy. So greatly did what he saw and heard influence Weisse that on his return he set about composing a book of his own, published in 1531 with the title, *Ein New Gesengbuchlen*. Of its 155 hymns, no fewer than 137 were composed by Weisse himself. Fully 130 of these were soon laid

hold of for German collections, just as the Reformation hymns were similarly seized upon by the Brethren. From that venerable book we still sing Weisse's noble Easter hymn, "Christ the Lord is risen again". Its *naïve* yet profound quatrains yield pride of place to none of its more pretentious neighbours in our Hymnary (124). As one simple verse succeeds another, we lose sight of the book and there rises before us the vision of the great pine-clad hills and foaming river at Fulneck[1], the log-hewn church and the saintly, ever-vivacious pastor rising to give out his own hymn of Easter praise and joy. Before him we see a quiet unlettered company, each of whom daily faced trial and contumely for the sake of the faith that was dearer than life. "He Who gave for us His life" meant a lot to them, so much so that, though persecuted by Kaiser and Herzog and Fürst, they were able to say: "*We too* sing for joy and say, Hallelujah".

One of Weisse's successors at Fulneck was that wise and learned theologian, Peter Herbert, the man who was sent to confer with Calvin, and who established the long-standing connection between the Brethren and the University of Tübingen. In 1566 he produced one of the most important of Moravian hymnals, the *Kirchengeseng*, contributing to it 93 hymns of his own. One of these, the beautiful evening hymn, "The night is come, wherein at last we rest", Methodists have enjoyed since 1904, but our churches have as yet had no opportunity of singing it. Yet Nelle, Germany's ablest modern hymnologist, describes it as one of "the most fervent and personal of all evening hymns, original from the first word to the last"[2]. There are other hymns of Herbert, too, which should be better known outside Germany.

The United Brethren were hard hit by the Counter-Reformation and by the Thirty Years War. Comenius, the great educationist and the last Bishop of the Bohemian and Moravian branch—they had been split up into several often wholly detached communities —did what he could; but increasing rigour of persecution drove him to Poland, just as it drove the forbears of John Wesley's difficult adherent, John Cennick, to England. Comenius maintained that one day the "hidden seed" would spring up with new life nothing could withstand, and his confidence and prevision were wholly justified when the great period of Herrnhut dawned. From its very beginnings religious song played a great rôle in the settlement. At eight every morning and every evening Herrnhut resounded with happy song. Each Sunday night the young men made a complete circuit of Berthelsdorf and Herrnhut, singing hymns new and old. In every house learning of hymns formed a definite branch of the day's curriculum, for "our little children

[1] In Moravia, where Weisse was pastor.
[2] *Geschichte des deutschen evangelischen Kirchenliedes*, Hamburg, 1909.

we instruct chiefly through hymns, whereby we find the cardinal truths most successfully introduced into their minds". Even the darkness was tuneful: the two watchmen detailed to guard each street were enjoined to raise songs in the night, in order "by their hymns to uplift to God the hearts of any who were awake". And Rothe, the pastor of Berthelsdorf and a man of fine taste and culture, saw to it that the great treasury of German hymns, estimated somewhat later in the century at 75,000, was wisely and largely practised.

But it was Zinzendorf himself who was the centre and new creator of Moravian hymnody. In his universities of Jena and Halle he had laid, well and truly, the bases of a life of evangelical sanctity. Precociously anticipating the Holy Club at Oxford, he inaugurated in Halle an "Order of the Mustard Seed", which inculcated faith and good works and, in that fortress of the fine old Danish and Halle Missionary Society, prayed and laboured for the conversion of heathen peoples. At the age of 22 his life's opportunity came and he took it. To his eternal honour he invited all the distressed Moravian, Polish, and Bohemian Brethren to come to his Berthelsdorf estate; he received them graciously, welded their very diverse elements into a composite whole, and created therefrom one of the greatest missionary Churches in the annals of Christendom. From 1727, when he himself settled down in the colony, his career is a sequel to the *Acts of the Apostles*. To track his wanderings is no light task. In Latvia, Poland, and Prussia, in Holland and England, in the West Indies and the Americas, he led an all but ubiquitous and truly apostolic life. Beginning with the despatch of a couple of missionaries in 1732, we find him sending, only three years later, as many as twenty, who sailed to their work among the Creek and Cherokee Indians on board the *Simmonds*, the boat which conveyed John and Charles Wesley, Benjamin Ingham and Charles Delamotte on their eye-opening expedition to Georgia. To the African deserts went Schmidt, to the plateaux of Upper Thibet Jäschke and Hyde, to the far northland Stach and Böhme. The Moravian Church has never possessed a Missionary Society; it has itself been from the outset a Missionary Church. Only recently it was stated that today one in every twenty members of its Communion goes forth as a missionary. The inscription on Zinzendorf's grave in the churchyard at Herrnhut could not have been more fittingly chosen: "He was appointed to bring forth fruit and that that fruit should abide".

Before he was in his teens he began to write hymns, and he wrote them to within a few days of his death. Scarcely any hymn-writer has been more royally gifted than he. On some days it is recorded that he composed no less than eight. No visitor to Herrnhut but was struck by the amazing "hymn-meetings", *Singstunden*,

which he conducted there. He seems to have felt a continual necessity to create. He would give forth one line, which the congregation would then sing; by that time the second line would be ready, perfect in rhythm, rhyme, and sense. Many of his hymns indeed, improvised in this fashion, have been lost, since no one, in the earlier years at any rate, was deputed to copy them down. This explanation covers the somewhat patchy or irregular appearance of a number of his hymns, which were pieced together simply from the memories of those who had been present, sometimes months or even years afterwards. Often at the *Singstunden* he would propose some biblical or doctrinal topic, and quote a line of Luther or Nicolai, of Heermann or Gerhardt, to suggest its meaning. Then the theme would fly hither and thither, as one member made a citation from one poet and another member would quote a different one. This line by line illustration—or defence or exposition, as the case might be—would continue for an hour or more. No wonder that the community was "master of the whole treasury of evangelical hymns, as was an organist of the stops and registers of his instrument"[3].

It is to this remarkable custom of hymn improvization that we owe one of the Count's best known hymns. Curiously enough, his "Jesus, still lead on", known to every German child from infancy, was never, to use a Hibernianism, written by Zinzendorf at all. In the best critical edition of his poetry, that by Burckhardt and Bauer, it is entirely excluded! The explanation is too complex to be gone into fully here. But it will have been seen that many of the Count's verses had not been written down: they were the tradition of separate members of the Moravian Church just as, *e.g.*, the songs which Scott collected for the *Border Minstrelsy* were the tradition of the country folk of Cheviot and Tweed. A better parallel would be the almost contemporary *Reliques* of Bishop Percy; for we find that when Bishop Gregor was collating, in 1778, the recollections of three or four people, he was often forced, like Percy, to sit down and restore or add literary finish to the fragments his research had brought to light. A number of Zinzendorf's best hymns (*e.g.*, *Herz und Herz vereint zusammen*) are indebted more than a little to Gregor for critical and painstaking revision, and it is to him, as much as to Zinzendorf, that we owe the clever amalgam, "Jesus, still lead on".

Among the Count's finest hymns are "Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness", "Jesu, be endless praise to Thee" (these two being picked verses of one long hymn of 28 stanzas), "Eternal depth of love divine", "O Thou to Whose all-searching sight", and "O God of God, in Whom combine". It is a deprivation to Congregationalists that these great compositions are not sung by us—though five

[3] Nelle, 226.

verses from the first-named are given, with too many alterations, in *Hymnary* 375.

Most lamentably, Zinzendorf's brilliant gifts were his most signal temptation. After 1734 a rapid decline in the quality and content of his hymns becomes apparent. His diffuseness grows painful; one hymn contains 320 verses! A Christmas hymn bursts forth upon us with the quite unexpected opening: "Blood and Wounds!" At times the verse will be simply bathetic:

> Come, close my bedroom door
> And from this sad world's roar,
> Keep Thou my soul full wide!
> Be Thou both bolt and rings!
> Beneath Thine own broad wings
> Thy chicken safely hide . . .
> Thus shall I have no cause
> To fear old Satan's claws.

At other times it will be hyper-grotesque:

> El Gibor, little worm,
> Mixtura Inconfusa
> Of clay and unfathomableness.
> Thou Tohuvehabohu . . . *etc.*,

or he will incontinently let loose, amid a flight of light-winged German monosyllables, such a disturber of concord as *vicissitudinis*. And there were worse things than these, as anyone can see for himself who will consult the *Hymnbook of the Moravian Brethren,* published in London in 1746. The more one studies this phase the more one's wonder grows that John Wesley, fighting this tastelessness and extravagance to the death, should have shown not only inexorable firmness, but also immense affection and benignity. Rothe, Zinzendorf's greatest friend, saw that nothing was to be done, regretfully resigned his living, and withdrew for ever from the Herrnhut community. Happily, the phase passed; the Count could not persuade Rothe to return, but he could, and did, suppress many of the hymns of 1735-1745, and carried on once again his great evangelical mission. The good is not all "interred with men's bones". A dozen at least of Zinzendorf's hymns are deathless, and many dozens of them are still sung in German-speaking lands. As long as there is a pilgrimage to be accomplished, a warfare to be waged, and a City Celestial to be won, their position is assured.

Perhaps the greatest hymn of Herrnhut is Rothe's "Now I have found the ground wherein"—unaccountably omitted from the *Hymnary* in 1916. Rothe's charm is different from that of Zinzendorf. Wide learning, intense spirituality, and a bright virile personality meet us in all that he wrote. Goethe's well-known criticism of Byron, which might aptly, though with certain reserves, be

applied to the Count, does not affect Rothe in the least: *Er ist an seiner Zügellosigkeit zu Grunde gegangen,* his ruin came from his lack of restraint. His 40 hymns, his faithful sermons, his spiritual oversight of the colony from its very beginning, bear traces everywhere of the grand manner. Zinzendorf himself once said: "Luther, Spener and Francke, with all their gifts, were united in this one man". His greatest hymn was magnificently translated by Wesley and published in the 1740 *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. It is a masterstroke, *e.g.,* in verse 3, in translating "Oh abyss, in which through Christ's death all sin is engulfed", to introduce the personal pronoun:

> Oh Love, Thou bottomless abyss,
> *My* sins are swallowed up in Thee,
> Covered is *my* unrighteousness
> Nor spot of guilt remains on *me*.

Rothe first published his hymn in the *Berthelsdorfer Gesangbuch* of 1726; while his other hymns are full of devotion and a few of them have been faithfully retained in numerous German books, he never equalled, *Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden.*

There are many other poets of Herrnhut whose hymns are still sung by millions of people. Anna Dober and Anna Nitschmann, for instance, stand almost at the head of that remarkable line of women writers, which includes names beloved like Agnes Franz and Luise Hensel, Eleonore von Reuss and Julie von Hausmann, (whose *So nimm denn meine Hände* is probably the best known of all modern German hymns). This study, however, must terminate with a brief mention of A. G. Spangenberg (1704-1792), the "Melanchthon of the *Unitas Fratrum*". Like Freylinghausen, Zinzendorf, Rodigast, and so many other important hymnwriters, he studied in Jena, "and here it pleased God", he says in his own picturesque fashion, "to overturn my heart". In the snug little city on the Saale he built up a fine school composed of 300 children and over 30 masters. Going later to Georgia as a missionary, he was one of the first persons encountered there by John Wesley, and it was his searching questions to the stiff Oxford don: "Have you the witness of the Spirit? Do you know Jesus Christ? Do you know Him as your Saviour?" which made the Georgian excursion of such profit to the future evangelist. Spangenberg only wrote a few hymns, but one which we so often need at religious conventions in churches of our order is his "What shall we offer our good Lord?"

It is fitting this great hymn should be our last example of Moravian hymnology. Upon the quondam errors of Spangenberg's Church, in its hymns and doctrine, the dust of oblivion now lies deep; but the spirit the Moravians were of, the mind that was in them, animates every verse of this hymn. If in Moravianism there

be one outstanding feature, it is the emphasis laid on the Cross of our Lord Christ. In the body broken upon that Cross they saw the world's only hope. And when the tremendous fact was not obliterated by the Symbol, the Moravian hymns can challenge those of any people in any age. In "Now I have found the ground wherein", and "Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness", they throw out that challenge. It has remained unaccepted, for, as it is impossible to conceive of a time when the heart of man will not, by virtue of that Cross, lay hold on pardon, mastery, and peace, so it is also impossible to conceive of holy song which shall more triumphantly embody that mighty truth, than do these hymns which have come to us from days of pitiless persecution and sorrow, but also of invincible and unceasing trust in God.

LECTURES, PAMPHLETS, *ETC.*

Mr. Wilfrid Allott's Swarthmore Lecture, *Worship and Social Progress* (Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.) is refreshing, but suffers from trying to cover too much ground. *Idealism and Realism* is Principal R. Nicoll Cross's Essex Hall Lecture, and *Protestants and the Life of Today* Principal R. V. Holt's Dr. Williams' Lecture (Lindsey Press, 1s. each). Mr. C. S. Milford's *Church and Crisis in India* (Livingstone Press, 9d.) is a good summary written before the Viceroy's Conference, and from the same publishers come Mr. G. G. Cragg's *So Serves the Church* (9d.) and Miss Joyce Reason's *Battle Honours in New Guinea* (6d.). Canon H. D. A. Major's *The Religion the World Needs* (Modern Free Churchman, 6d.) is well worth reading. *The Study of Ecclesiastical History* (Cambridge Press, 1s. 6d.) is Prof. Norman Sykes's Inaugural as Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge. *Why I am a Liberal?* (Jenkins, 2s. 6d.) contains the speeches and addresses of Sir William Beveridge during recent months. Cambridge must have been surprised to find that the subject of the Rede Lecture, by Sir Norman Birkett, was *National Parks and the Countryside* (Cambridge Press, 1s. 6d.). Prof. A. S. Turberville's "Richard Cobden Lecture", *John Bright* (Cobden Club, 1s.) makes us realize the extent of the loss to learning caused by the writer's sudden death—he did not live to read the lecture he had prepared—makes us realize too how much a man like Bright is needed in the political world of today. Mr. David Eccles's "Signpost Special" (1s.), *Wages on the Farm*, argues that fundamental to the problem of agriculture is that of wages, and the 70s. a week minimum should be maintained. In the same series is Sir W. Y. Darling's *You and Your Neighbour*. Prof. Henry Clay's *War and Unemployment* (Oxford Press, 2s.) is the Sidney Ball Lecture. All that Dr. John Baillie writes is well worth study, and his Riddell Memorial Lectures, **What is Christian Civilization?* (Oxford Press, 2s. 6d.), are no exception. Their argument is closely knit even though the lectures cover a great amount of ground, dealing as they do with "The Historical Relations of Christianity and Civilization", "The Christian Attitude towards Contemporary Civilization", and "The Future of the West". Mr. Victor Gollancz's *Nowhere To Lay Their Heads* (Gollancz, 6d.) is a moving account of the Jewish tragedy in Europe and an appeal for the admission of Jews to Palestine.

ALSO RECEIVED.

Ronald Selby Wright. *Small Talks*. Longmans. 3s. 6d. Broadcast Addresses by the "Radio Padre". Those who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like. Others may consider the title apt.

Sir William Dobbie. *A Very Present Help*. Marshall. 5s. A tribute to the faithfulness of God, by the defender of Malta.

George Burns. *Short and Sharp*. Burns. 4s. 6d. & 2s. Retreat Reflections.

L. A. G. Strong. *Sink or Swim*. Lutterworth Press. 5s. A rather unconvincing school story.

G. Glennon. *Emma*. Macmillan. 5s. Jane Austen's novel dramatized, and produced at St. James's Theatre, 1945.

Leslie Davison. *Bread*. Ludgate Circus House. 1s. A One-Act Play.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

By J. S. Noack, Ph.D.

The recent movie version of *The Human Comedy* has brought the existence of William Saroyan to the attention of the British public[1]. Unfortunately the movie showed up Saroyan's greatest fault—an occasional sentimentality—but revealed few of his extraordinary gifts. He is a man who occupies a special place in American literature both for his works and for his personality. The folk-quality of his writing is indicated by his earliest writing experience. In 1934, when his first collection of short stories, *The Young Man on the Flying Trapeze,* was published, the critics could scarcely say too much that was harsh; yet within a few months he had become a best-seller. The intervening years have brought gradual, if grudging, praise from critics; meantime he has become firmly established in the mind of the ordinary American as a genius. Those who distrust his works say he writes hastily prodigious quantities of material about himself, that his view of life is extravagantly romantic, sentimental, and so over-simple as to be devoid of genuine profoundness, that he indulges in trickery and intimates vague metaphysical values which never take shape, that his work is formless and his style careless. His admirers, on the other hand, believe that his exuberance is natural, his appreciation of living acutely sensitive, his realism more genuinely real than that of the naturalists, his apparent lack of structure deliberate, his style brilliant and intellectual. They maintain that he has in his work some inimitable quality that springs deep from the sources of his own nature and guarantees him a permanent place in literature whatever faults might be found with him. I confess I am of the latter group. After granting to his detractors that he is often sentimental, that many of his plays are hopeless experiments, that his whole approach to literature (a highly individual approach) is open to attack on principle, that it would be inconceivably bad if many people wrote as he did, I am still convinced that he is a great and an enduring writer. Since I cannot plead lack of bias, I can only attempt to justify my enthusiasm in an examination of his works.

Saroyan's personality is already beginning to take on the aura of legend. He is a man who behaves with much of the impetuosity and simple directness that other people believe they would show also—were they more courageous or less inhibited. His writing in the same way appears to unlock the simple desires, the relish for life, restrained in others. This is no doubt the secret of his great

[1] See also in this journal (XXIII. 53-8), H. C. Marsh on "The Armenian Who Wants to go to Heaven".

popularity. What makes him the inimitable person that he is lies so much in his life that it is worth while knowing something about him before appraising his work.

He was born 31st August, 1908, in Fresno, California, of Armenian parents. He grew up in the great flat valley of the San Joaquin with its miles of grape vineyards, a dark-skinned little boy of great sensitivity and gusto for life. The prejudice against his race among the more prosperous native Americans seemed to breed in him neither inferiority nor a desire to escape his background, but a great love of humanity, especially of poor people, and a keen sense of the tragedy of loneliness, whether individual or racial. He worked as a newsboy and a postal telegraph boy, attended the common schools in winter, and ran wild over the open fields under the hot summer sun, gathering a fund of sensuous impressions so vast that he can apparently never exhaust his own memory and has an uncanny faculty of calling back to life the warm, tender, and complex world of childhood. Some of the fresh, naïve wonder of that time ("when meadow, grove, and stream, The earth, and every common sight To me did seem Appareled in celestial light") has never left him. He was evidently devoted to his family; his sympathy and affection for them colours many of his short stories and his semi-autobiographical book, *My Name is Aram*. His love for his mother is especially pronounced. *The Human Comedy*, which is said to have knocked around for years before acceptance, is dedicated to her with a particularly touching inscription. Now that he has made a great deal of money from his books, friends say he has furnished a home for her from the best *de luxe* furniture catalogues—Philippine mahogany, overstuffed chairs, broadloom carpets—the perfect conventionality of the whole disturbed only by some extraordinary pictures on the walls, original paintings bought from artists whom he wanted to help.

By sixteen Saroyan was convinced he wanted to write, and started seriously to work. His first attempts were copies of pulp-story magazines. When these were rejected, he decided to write his own way. It was the hard way. He poured out reflections and experiences, his own, other people's; he went hungry and was ill. He had strange psychological experiences, those experiences peculiar to a very young man of sensitive perceptions and artistic talents. Some of this life is reflected in his first volume of short stories, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*. In 1933 his first published work, *The Broken Wheel*, appeared in *Hairenick*, an Armenian daily of Boston. It was republished by Edward O'Brien in his collection of the *Best Short Stories of 1934*. In the same year *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze* was accepted by *Story* magazine and made the title of a collected volume of twenty-six tales. From then on Saroyan's works poured

from the press: volumes of short stories, *Inhale and Exhale, Peace It's Wonderful, Little Children, Love, Here is My Hat, Three Times Three, The Trouble with Tigers;* plays, *My Heart's in the Highlands, The Time of Your Life, Love's Old Sweet Song;* collections, *Razzle Dazzle, The Beautiful People;* a ballet, *The Great American Goof;* the long sketch (biography, autobiography, novel—whatever one wishes to call it), *My Name is Aram;* the novel, *The Human Comedy*. During all this period Saroyan was famous for his own enthusiasm for his work, the prodigious quantity of material he sent out to editors, the telegrams of self-praise directed to critics and friends. He found time in 1935 to take a trip to Armenia and Russia, and in 1940 to turn down the $1,000 prize which accompanied the Pulitzer award for *The Time of Your Life* (the play also received the New York Critics' Circle Prize—an award Saroyan accepted).

According to the legends of Saroyan which have gathered in San Francisco, he was by no means a good mixer and was apt to be found by his host in the corner of a room playing phonograph records. His passion for the phonograph (he used to carry a portable machine with him) is proverbial. He grew more genial and sure of himself as his fame and self-confidence increased. He is said to have a great enthusiasm for living which makes him beloved by his friends, and often to be extravagantly and unaccountably generous. Riding with friends on a cold evening along the sea-cliff at San Francisco, he saw a poorly clad man on the side-walk, suddenly stopped his car, jumped out, threw his overcoat on the surprised man, jumped in, and drove off. Even since he entered the army, legends have grown. He was assigned to a special division, partly from respect for his talents and prestige, given a film showing the procedure for loading a box-car, and told to write an accompanying explanation. After a good many hours of work, he returned with the single sentence, "Loading a box-car is a difficult and complicated thing". Legend has it that he was ultimately removed from the special division when, after the commanding officer had taken the unit for a long disciplinary march of many hours, and was shepherding the subdued and chastened group back to camp, Saroyan was discovered in the midst of the marching files, skipping merrily. His whimsicality, his exuberance, his extreme tenderness towards people, and his fascination in all living permeate his works.

He is said to idolize George Bernard Shaw; he is said also to write his plays very hastily—often within twenty-four hours—but to spend infinite time and care on his *Prefaces,* which he believes will outlast his dramatic work. No doubt the Prefaces too come from Shaw. Many of Saroyan's readers would agree with his estimate of his own work. The produced plays have admirers,

even among particular and shrewd playgoers, but most of the work in *Razzle Dazzle* appears weak—except for the *Prefaces*.

One of the main criticisms against his short-stories is that they lack form and are scarcely short-stories at all. The criticism seems a little irrelevant. No one really cares whether they—or any other literature—conform to some technical idea of dramatic form. The point is rather whether they are effective as literature—most of them are. Amorphous though they appear, or slight and sketchy, they frequently have tremendous impact. They are dramatic not in suspense nor in the treatment of exciting events or serious conflicts, but rather in the flash of insight towards ordinary things they appear to give. Nor is character revealed in the way customary to contemporary writing—where people are differentiated sharply by external peculiarities or equivalent psychological mannerisms. Saroyan's concept of character is much more like that of the Elizabethan dramatists (excepting Ben Jonson); he is interested in the expression of human feeling and action for its lyric and dramatic quality, as a reflection of human life in general, rather than an analysis of the particular. This accounts for what many people consider the autobiographical tone of his works. The distinction can perhaps be made clearer if one remembers E. M. Forster's discussion of flat and of round characters. One of the characteristics of contemporary writing has been to make peculiarity of character, "individuality", the basis of fictional writing, either by emphasizing certain mannerisms of a person (the flat characters of Dickens) or by analysing the inconsistent and unique elements of the mind (the round characters of most great fiction). A vast amount of contemporary fiction is concerned with reconciling or explaining the inconsistencies or illogic of character—not so Saroyan. He attempts to write not of the human individual but of the human experience—a hungry young artist, a boy in school or by a creek on a hot sunny day, a child waving to a locomotive, a farmer on a bicycle. This particular interest of Saroyan's springs quite simply and naturally from his own temperament. He is not an egoist in the sense in which Thomas Wolfe was one, a brilliant, harassed, restless genius turned in on himself and turning living into himself; he is an egoist only in that he draws from his own perceptions and spiritual experiences his sense of life. His interest is in the outside world, whose spectacle engrosses him. A man like Thomas Wolfe gives the sense of seeing himself (in the guise of Ernest Gant or George Webb) as a unique suffering soul, misunderstood and tormented by living, hungry and unappeased; Saroyan appears to be a man who sees himself as simply Man, a human being like other human beings. His loneliness, longings, pleasures, are everybody's. It is this which is closer to the Renaissance concept of man than to the modern. The Renaissance also saw every

man as a little world, not unique but representative of other little worlds and of the cosmic universe too. What the Renaissance accepted by reason of philosophy, Saroyan has by temperament.

The simplicity with which Saroyan accepts this view of himself —and of others—accounts for a good deal of the sweetness and humanity permeating his works. It can be called egoism, but if so, it is the naïve candid egoism of the child, not the morbid self-centredness of the adolescent mind. He writes in his story, *Myself upon the Earth:*

> I am a story-teller, and I have but a single story—man. I want to tell this simple story in my own way, forgetting the rules of rhetoric, the tricks of composition. I have something to say and I do not wish to speak like Balzac. I am not an artist; I do not really believe in civilization. I am not at all enthusiastic about progress. When a great bridge is built I do not cheer, and when airplanes cross the Atlantic I do not think, "What a marvelous age this is!" I am not interested in the destiny of nations, and history bores me. What do they mean by history, those who write it and believe in it? How has it happened that man, that humble and lovable creature, has been exploited for the purpose of monstrous documents? How has it happened that his solitude has been destroyed, his godliness herded into a hideous riot of murder and destruction? And I do not believe in commerce. I regard all machinery as junk, the adding-machine, the automobile, the railway engine, the airplane, yes, and the bicycle. I do not believe in transportation, in going places with the body, and I would like to know where anyone has ever gone. Have you ever left yourself? Is any journey so vast and interesting as the journey of the mind through life? Is the end of any journey so beautiful as death?
>
> I am interested only in man. Life I love, and before death I am humble.

Saroyan is not unconscious of the customary technique for the short-story. He simply distrusts it:

> Do you know that I do not believe there is really such a thing as a poem-form, a story-form or novel-form? I believe there is man only. The rest is trickery. I am trying to carry over into this story of mine the man that I am. And as much of my earth as I am able. I want more than anything else to be honest and fearless in my own way.

Like Coleridge, who believed art had form but that the form grew out of the conception of the material, Saroyan evidently believes that each sketch takes its own natural shape. However loosely-knit this makes some tales, others, like *War,* emerge with all the clarity and certainty of the genuine short-story. The romantic theory is obviously a dangerous one, but great writing

has been produced in accord with it. The success of the work lies entirely in the artist. Saroyan attains effect because he has the type of mind which possesses true æsthetic conception or comprehension. His stories are not actually rambling personal impressions, however they may at first glance appear to be so; all the better works are built around a completed idea. Saroyan has exceptional insight into the significance of simple and familiar experiences. He sees in them a key to deep, and generally thwarted, elements of personality, into the spiritual and vital forces of thoughts and actions. The longings of men evidently appear to him as noble, profound, mysterious, doomed to inadequate and partial satisfaction. He has a sense of deep pride and of melancholy love for what man is. "You've got", he remarks, "to be proud and religious to be the sort of writer I am". Coupled with this faith in individual human greatness and destiny is a keen sense of the continuity of race and of human experience. Saroyan, instead of denying his cultural background as others might have done, sinks himself into the sense of his past through his people, "it takes years and years to become the sort of writer that I am, sometimes centuries".

A great deal of Saroyan's uniqueness to us now lies in the loss of this view of life in most modern fiction. It can be found in poetry, and is typical of earlier literature. Saroyan's whole approach to fiction is that of a poet—the conception of the whole formulates the parts, and its justification lies in the emotional implications and spiritual overtones given to the reader.

It is dangerous to label a man who may not be critically self-conscious of his art with critical terms formed by those who are consciously using particular techniques and aims; and yet Saroyan, by accident or design, appears at times to be producing something close to modern expressionism—not the expressionism of James Joyce or of Virginia Woolf with their engrossment in the unconscious mind, but an expressionism closer to the form it has taken in Yeats. Let me here fall back on the simplest and most general definition of expressionism. The artist endeavours, not to reflect and tell of the world in the symbols of conventional knowledge or of the past, but simply to describe that which is in his mind. The external world may appear in a more or less distorted form. But since reality is inner and subjective whatever is there is significant; art is simply a series of symbols to make this inner and ultra-reality articulate. In painting the production may range from the understandable landscapes of Cezanne to pictures of "unconscious" associations, the Freudian symbolism of Dali or the dreams of Berman. If one is to follow Sheldon Cheney's study of expressionism in art, this approach is the most revolutionary change in perhaps two thousand years. I do not mean to imply that Saroyan

has *consciously* allied himself to some such procedure in literature, but I do believe he has unwittingly by temperament and the art by which he is surrounded acquired something of this sort. His directness at expressing what to him is life shows a much closer relationship to modern art than it does to the escapism and the undirected emotionalism of romanticism. Saroyan's idea of man (universal man) is contrary to true romanticism. His use of subjective, individual experience as a key to abstract, metaphysical truth is in conformity with the expressionistic approach. Two other qualities which link Saroyan to the modern school of art are the cerebral quality of his work (which shows most obviously in his style) and the realism of his subject matter. He differs from other expressionists in fiction, although not in poetry, by his refusal to use Freudian or other psychological mechanism, his disinterest in the unconscious mind as a scientific phenomenon—his complete disinterest in fact to all scientific symbolism or theory—and his religious feeling and sense of continuity. He is perhaps more fortunate than others because he has benefited by a great concept of art without suffering from the dangers of too much interest in it; he is protected from serious error by being intuitive rather than critical.

Saroyan's style is a unique mixture of the practical and the mundane—"I had about a hundred dollars, which I put down as a deposit, figuring that if I didn't start to buy a house some day, I never would buy one"—with the eloquent and the thoughtful:

> Unless there is never to be any real human nationality, it must be remembered that the ultimate friend or enemy is always one's self. In the human realm there can be no defeat except of the human spirit itself, and thereafter no victory except it is also defeat. It is too easy to talk about this war, and impossible sooner or later not to. The self-murder of millions of men is beyond the power of grief to understand. The human heart can be touched by the tragedy of the waste of one life, or two, or a hundred or two, but it is simply stupefied by the destruction of so many that it is impossible to count them. When human life is so wantonly destroyed, no matter how individually tragic is the loss of each life, the whole thing takes on a stupid enormity which can arouse no more feeling. The destruction is too stupendous to be human, too stupid to touch the heart, too awful to arouse any emotion other than disgust. . . . Art never stirs a people to action of any kind as murder does, and murder only stirs people to more murder. That is probably the reason for the present loneliness of art, and sometimes its desperate arrogance—its flashes of contempt for the world of events. Thought is not one thing, however, and action another. Thought and action are the same thing, and there can be no noble action without there having first been noble thought. Art is the mind and the spirit of the human

> nationality, and when decency and right in this nationality collapse, it isn't politics alone that has failed, it is art, too. I have said this before in other words, and I will say it again. I shall probably go on saying it until I can say nothing at all, but that will not be when I am invited by circumstances not to say it, but when I am dead. You will save all when you save one, and you can save one only through art, only through noble thought making noble action. That is all it comes to, no matter how vast and wretched the complications may grow in times of war, recovery from war, reconstruction, and all the other busy periods of human history. In the midst of murder there is time for art. While the body exhales its life there is still time for it.

This style shows the contemporary tendency to juxtapose ideas without transition, to play on words or phrases ("You will save all when you save one, and you can save one only through art, only through noble thought making noble action"), which gives to language a peculiarly heavy symbolism. It is the language of Gertrude Stein and of Sherwood Anderson, but it is not careless. It is deliberate and evaluated. Saroyan sometimes fails in its use—as do others—and this sort of style is cursed with artificiality and some sophistry, but Saroyan uses it superbly at his best. I can scarcely see how anyone studying Saroyan's style can fail to recognize astuteness and even brilliance of mind, however on principle he disapproves of Steinisms. The following passage of tragedy is a good indication of Saroyan's shrewdness and flashes of perception:

> Tragedy in the art of another day ended in all manner of brokenness and in much death, but in our day, at least in living, which is what art must be concerned with, tragedy cannot be said to end at all. It goes on continuously. There is little of the tragic to us in news of suicide or murder. These events seem accidents to us. We are not moved by their occurrence, however heroic the causes may appear to be, however worth while the living were who have become criminal or dead. As we understand things, that kind of tragedy is merely sensational. The whole race of man is so caught up in vaster tragedy that any tragedy which is only personal must be identified by us as negligible. It is simply that it is no longer valid for us to make too much of our personal experience. We are not royal, we have no use for the royal, and therefore we cannot, without becoming ridiculous to others and to ourselves, plunge into the trivial sources of tragedy and seek to make them majestic by carrying them to obvious ends. We are anonymous, and the foolish behavior of all of us together—the foolish behavior of the whole race—is error and death enough. We *endure* tragedy. If it destroys us, we do not destroy others and ourselves. We know every emotion the others knew, but we know more, too. The greatness of man in our time is no

> less than it has ever been. If anything, it is a greater greatness. It does not destroy itself when exposed to error and waste and inferiority: it extends itself.

Even in the shortest passages, Saroyan's faith in the importance and spirituality of humanity dictates the course of his reason and elevates whatever he discusses. The same passion makes his realism different from that of others. He is a realist. His subjects are not about exotic or bizarre worlds, either sensuous or intellectual; he is in vast contrast to the intellectual writers of cosmopolitan society, the Briffaults, Huxleys, and Morgans, and equally to the proletarian writers, the Hemingways, Lewises, Farrells. These writers are realists, but their realism is limited by the limited range of their subject matter; one group possesses too much intellectuality, the other too little. Saroyan's realism lies somewhere between the two. He is limited as well, but he is the people's writer because what he has chosen to depict is the world around him, the world of the average man, and because he has not failed to accept the strong religious feeling within most men whatever their intellectual concepts. Saroyan's realism is the most quickly recognized by ordinary people, who are not ridden by the dissatisfactions and crusades of the universities which produce the intellectuals and the revolutionists. Saroyan's subjects cover talks in barber shops, moving picture shows, visits to brothels, a child's experiences in school, a young man writing. Many of the stories and *My Name is Aram* are in the first person and give every indication of being personal experiences. They are almost always raised above banality by reflection and by Saroyan's sensitivity to suffering in others. He is a writer of tragedies who leaves a singularly sweet and hopeful impression because his wonder at the world is greater than his sorrow over it.

Saroyan's most marked weakness—outside some hasty and ill-conceived plays—lies in his trembling at times on the dangerous line between nobility and sentimentality. To many people he goes over only too often. The movie version of *The Human Comedy* makes this weakness apparent in the scene where Mrs. Macauley is explaining the death of the father of the family to her small son Ulysses. It shows again in the conclusion of the story when the orphan soldier is welcomed in place of the dead son. In both instances Saroyan over-wrote.

Whether his values themselves would be considered sentimental depends entirely upon the view-point of the particular reader. To anyone who distrusts people, Saroyan is too simple in his faiths; to a man who is "proud and religious", Saroyan will seem to give freshness and significance to familiar experiences and will be close to reality. Most American readers today appear to be of the second mind; their enthusiasm over Saroyan shows that to them he speaks the truth.

DEVELOPMENTS AND EXPERIMENTS

This Section of our Journal aims at chronicling not only developments in theological thought and in ecclesiastical organization, but also practical experiments in all branches of religious life and service.

Often when successful attempts have been made to solve some problem in one part of the country, the rest of the Churches remain ignorant, and we trust that these pages will not only serve as a clearing-house of ideas and a record of changing emphasis, but also broadcast valuable information of progress in Church and denominational life.

Our representatives in the Colonies and the United States will from time to time contribute accounts of similar movements. The Editor will be glad to consider brief articles serving this purpose.

BAZAARS

The churches will soon need a great deal of money. Will they, as soon as rationing permits, again resort to bazaars, and will the ancient argument whether bazaars are a good thing be resumed? One of the best speeches on this subject was made long ago by a chairman—let him have the credit; it was Mr. James Barnes, of Liverpool—who remarked that he was not going to take part in the discussion about bazaars; two of three women, he said, were recently walking along the streets of Liverpool, their voices raised in furious controversy: they turned to the third for a casting vote, and she replied, "I'm having nothing at all to do with it: I'm absolutely putrid". Mr. Barnes confessed himself "absolutely putrid" on the subject of bazaars.

In Cambridge recently we came upon an interesting relic of fifty years ago, when Emmanuel Congregational Church had a bazaar. It was a booklet, "Past and Present", to which the contributors were P. T. Forsyth, C. S. Kenny, A. W. W. Dale, Arthur R. Ropes, Geo. E. Green, and F. J. C. Hearnshaw. We have obtained permission to print the first and last of these articles: Dr. Forsyth was then minister of the church, and Prof. Hearnshaw an undergraduate at Peterhouse. We are grateful to Mrs. Jessie Forsyth Andrews for permission to reprint her father's article and to Prof. Hearnshaw for the like permission in regard to his own.—EDITOR.

GAIN AND GODLINESS.

WITH the exception of the Church's Master nothing in history has been so much criticized as the Church's methods. And among the minor methods of the Church exposed to current criticism is the means of raising funds known as the bazaar. It is a recent device. It has been adopted by all sections of the Church. And it is better at least than the means, like the sale of indulgences, to which so many of the finest fabrics of Christendom owe some part of their existence.

If the Church, or indeed any other great institution, had let its existence or its work depend on criticism, little that is noteworthy would have been done in history. There is not a prominent nation in the world that could have taken its due place if it had not been impervious to the criticism of its neighbours.

There is criticism and criticism. There is the criticism from within and the criticism from without. There is criticism which rests on ultimate sympathy and is helpful, and there is the criticism which is nothing but critical and negative. To keep to the case of the Church, there is the criticism

which is generated by its own onward spirit, and which takes practical shape in great movements like the Reformation. And there is the perpetual criticism which goes on on the part of the outside world. It is hard to say which is the keener. But it is easy to say which is the more useful. It is the former, because its aim is more sympathetic even when its tone is less kind. Says Goethe, "When we do not speak of things with a partiality full of love, what we say is not worth being repeated". The Church of Christ is one of those things we must love before we can be just to them. Movements of Church Reform are the Church's self-criticism. To rise higher, they are the actions of the Holy Spirit in the Church on the Church. They are not worldly because they do believe in a Church, and care for it, and sacrifice much for it. And if there be an alloy of bitterness it has at least more earnestness in it than the sterile indifference of that criticism which is merely the twang of "the superior person".

So, descending to this minor matter of bazaars, there is criticism of them which we must respect. It comes from those who speak from the height of our own idea. They tell us that if we were moved as our faith might move us we should not require efforts which often involve so much and return so little. That is true. But then, if we were all our faith might make us, there are whole sections of good work that would not be required. A good work not only seeks a good end, but seeks it by ways which are *in our circumstances* likely to attain it. We can't act in a vacuum. We must pay attention to the world God has placed us in. We must take it as we find it to mend it. We must not construe its text carelessly, or neglect it altogether. It is this age that we are set to serve, change, and raise. It is not another in which we do not live. We must deal with our own conditions.

Again, there are those who, quite properly, are timid about enlisting the methods of the world and of business in the direct service of the Church. They fear the debasing of our Church methods in the process more than they hope for the consecration of business methods. The danger is possible. But what is the whole of our active Christian life but the meeting and overcoming of the same danger in various forms. Indeed the whole region of Church business is open to the same risk. And besides, if the methods of business may not be used for the service of the Church, has the Church any right to accept of contributions from men who have made money in the way of business?

Many of these objections arise from a false idea of spirituality which removes the soul out of the world instead of making it permeate and control the world. There is a subtle kind of Protestant monasticism which is not strong but weak, and not so much pure as only inexperienced and simple. Religion is not abstract and dreamy. It is concrete and practical.

Reference may, by some, be made to the expulsion of the traders from the temple by Christ. The allusion would have point if it were proposed to conduct operations in the fabric of the church, in the actual area of worship. We ought, certainly, to treat our fabrics with much more reverence than we do. It is quite in the spirit of Christ's act, for instance, to uncover on entering the sacred building even when it is empty, or to avoid loud talk or laughter in its precincts. It is spiritual manners, the good breeding of the soul. But if that act of Christ's be taken as excluding business from the religious pale, and fixing a great gulf between commerce and faith, what do we do? We not only unchurch more than half of life and the people who live it, but we narrow the mind of Christ to a kind of unworldliness which is only sectarian after all. We may fairly keep from the precincts of our temple what we have no right to banish from the sphere of godly life.

Of course there are ways of doing business which are not to be encouraged in a religious connection. They would be unseemly. I need not speak of those which are plainly dishonest. But if fair business cannot be employed in the service of religion, then the good people must go into retreats, and the world must be left to the kingdom of evil.

There is no reason why an effort of this kind should not have at its heart the spirit of Christ. And if we keep away such things as raffles, lotteries, and prices and importunities which are only impertinent, there is no reason why we should let our energies be lamed in giving this expression to our Christian zeal. The effort is voluntary. It is not forced. It comes from men and women who really believe in the work they aid. It is unselfish work. It is not for private profit even. It is for nobody's personal gain. To work for that is lawful enough in Christ's faith. But this is still more lawful, being not only allowed by our rule of life but impelled by constraining love and zeal. It is for no mere sectarian propaganda. Our Sunday schools are not sectarian nurseries. All they aim to produce is Christian trust, Christian love, and Christian character. We necessarily differ, and we honourably differ, much more in our churches than in our schools. These are not solely or mainly for the children of the church but for the children of the vicinity. We seek to serve the neighbourhood, the town, the public. We think we are not "pushing" when we beg and hope for help to such an object from those who are outside our particular religious community.

Churches are not trading associations. The trader would have good reason to complain if they were. In missionary enterprise trade has been found to be much more dangerous than helpful. But this does not mean that a church is forbidden by its own principles to earn money for a specific purpose and by a special effort, so long as the traders of the locality do not object. An idea is current among some eager spirits that no form of business is really Christian except some phase of socialism. This is too large a question to enter on here. It may only be said that as competition has a necessary place in moral developments it has therefore its place, however subordinate, in historic christianity.

But I will not be led into an essay. I will only take leave to close with a text, instead of having given these remarks the air of a sermon by opening with one.

"GOOD LUCK IN THE NAME OF THE LORD".

P. T. F.

THE NONCONFORMIST UNION AND BAZAARS.

"The Nonconformist Union will meet at 8.30 *this evening, when Rev. Distinguished Guest, Ph.D., will read a paper on 'The Evolution of the Bazaar' ".*

SUCH announcements are quite familiar to those who attend the Emmanuel Congregational Church. Do any of those who hear them given out Sunday by Sunday ever wonder what sort of a figure the undergraduate intellect cuts as it splashes about the surface of one or another of the deep problems into which it is in the habit of heroically plunging? If so, may I cordially invite such as are curious to accompany me on this occasion to hear Dr. Guest's paper and the subsequent discussion?

We proceed to the single hired upper-chamber, euphemistically termed "the Rooms of the Union". It strongly reminds us, as we enter, of one of those Nondescript Individuals who endeavour to be all things to all men, if by any means they may secure the money of some. It is evidently accustomed to enclose scenes of wilder revelry than even the most heterodox and

up-to-date Nonconformity can provide. Beneath the light Sabbatic fragrance of coffee which pervades the air, there lie heavy suggestions of the breath of Bacchus; while about the upholstery clings the enduring odour of cigars. The picture of a roseate monk sitting on a beer barrel, the wine lists on the walls, the festive Manx lounge in the centre of the floor, all find it difficult to put on an air of due Nonconformist solemnity. In one corner stands a riotous-looking piano, which seems to be vainly trying to obliterate the memories of past days and to harmonize its feelings with the sentiments of Sankey's tunes.

Whilst we make these observations the members assemble. They first gather nebulously round the refreshment table; then, as the ardour of their desire for coffee and sweet-cake cools, condense into small groups about the room and discuss the burning topics of the hour. What does the undergraduate regard as burning topics? He prefers not to say; but, all the same, he rejoices to think that the world should ask the question. He reads with gratification, as well as amusement, articles in the Reviews on such a subject as "The Religion of the Undergraduate". He is alive to the absurdity of endeavouring to find the average of an infinite series of unknowns; he is aware that to discover his religion is as impossible as it would be to discover the religion of the Member of Parliament, the Clergyman, or the Costermonger, should anyone be so foolish as to make the attempts; he knows that an undergraduate is indistinguishable out of academics from a graduate or a Junior Don; out of Cambridge from a banker's clerk or a chemist's assistant; in the sea from any other young man whatever. But he likes to be looked upon as belonging to a class apart; to be the object of special missions; to be visited by members of the Government; to be courted by Labour-leaders, Theosophists, Teetotallers, Anti-vivisectionists, and Millenarians; to be interviewed, misrepresented, idealized. He does not readily reveal what he believes, what he talks about, what he does, for fear that the world, finding its own affairs more interesting, should cease to enquire about him.

Among the groups as they discuss the burning topics of the hour, glides the Treasurer gathering subscriptions—noiselessly, and with that air of inevitableness which seems to belong exclusively to Laws of Nature and collectors of money.

The clock of Great St. Mary's strikes nine. The President rings a small bell, of the kind which proves to be so useless in Sunday-schools, and members take their seats.

The President thereupon opens the meeting and introduces Dr. Guest as "That great philosopher whose manifold and successful efforts to enlarge the sphere of human knowledge have been appropriately rewarded by the gift, at the hands of admiring friends, of one of the most expensive of American degrees". He then gives Dr. Guest a hearty welcome in the name of the Union, and invites him to read his paper on "The Evolution of the Bazaar".

Dr. Guest opens with the Universal Lecture-gambit: first move, thanks for cordial reception; second move, compliments to audience; third move, depreciation of self; fourth move, insistence on primary importance of subject; fifth move, abuse of all previous writers who have, or who have not, discussed it—he is, in particular, very severe upon Mr. Herbert Spencer for having "studiously avoided all mention of the Evolution of the Bazaar in his Synthetic Philosophy". He then passes on to deal with the problem of "The Origin of the Bazaar". This, he says, he was enabled to solve by the adoption of a method of scientific research compounded of the strong elements in the methods of Plato, Bacon, and the Editor of the *Christian*

Herald. He goes on to explain how, under the influence of this method, Etymology gradually revealed to him the long-hidden secret that, "like the human race, original sin, and most infectious diseases, bazaars took their rise in the East". Soaring to specialist heights, he gives details of this progressive revelation; but these, though knowledge of them is indispensable to those who are reading for Part ii. of any Tripos, are beyond the comprehension of the normal mind. Subsiding once more to audience-level, he proceeds to tell us how his soul, "aërated with this new knowledge, effervesced with desire to have a glance round the East"; how he was enabled to gratify this desire; how, having arrived at the East, he excavated almost the whole of it, devoting the major part of a vacation to the task, and how he succeeded in unearthing the remains of several primitive bazaars.

He shows how Archæology confirmed Etymology, and details the evidence which convinced himself, his wife, and two native navvies of the genuineness of the relics—one of the most important of which seems to have been a fragment bearing the inscription, "I was a stranger and ye took me in", underneath a rough carving supposed to represent a man in foreign costume being led away from the stall of a bazaar to the bankruptcy court.

He passes on, secondly, to discuss "The principles, development and present position of the Bazaar". He declares the Bazaar to be "the grand device of the Economic Woman for raising the smallest possible sum of money at a maximum of trouble to herself and of annoyance to the whole community"; highly commends it as a means admirably adapted to its end; examines the bazaar-theory in the lights of Adam Smith's fourth canon of taxation, Newton's third law of motion, the second proposition of Euclid, and the first principles of common-sense; and concludes this section by narrating several pathetic personal experiences. Many members are visibly moved. One precipitately departs.

Finally, Dr. Guest ventures to depict "The future of the Bazaar": the goal of its evolution. He grows rather abstruse again. "It is a problem", he says, "of Ecclesiastical Economy. Just as commerce tends to become a system of perfected barter; so will the bazaar system tend to become one of perfected donation. At present money is the commodity demanded and supplied, while antimacassars, d'oyleys, carpet slippers, French pastry, *etc.*, form the circulating medium, and a very perishable medium, fulfilling none of Jevons's requirements. An antimacassar, for example, which has passed through ten bazaars has to be withdrawn from circulation and used up as a duster, to the great loss of the Ecclesiastical community". Hence he suggests and predicts the adoption, first of "a more durable circulating medium, such as asbestos antimacassars, galvanized-iron carpet-slippers, and india-rubber French pastry; secondly and finally, of a paper-currency stamped to represent antimacassars, etc., which will obviate the necessity of keeping more than a small reserve of the actual articles in some central Bazaar Bank, and will enable advanced churches to dispense with all the barbaric accessories of bazaars, to hold them in an unfurnished vestry and to get them over in an hour". He paints a glowing picture of this happy future, perorates succinctly, quotes a little American poetry, and ceases.

The President thanks Dr. Guest for the paper, "which", he says, "is quite worthy of him", and invites discussion.

A somewhat lengthy pause is broken by an eloquent member from the Gold Coast, who expresses "great gratification for Dr. Guest's able elimination of that great truth, Protestantism". He considers that "nothing more exclusive has been written since the apparition of Paley's Evidences", which it has lately been his privilege to read. He does not see "how, after hearing that paper, any intelligent person can believe in the Darwinian

Theorem", which he himself, from the very day when he first heard of it from a missionary, has always regarded as "little less absurd than the Binominal Theorem, which was the cause of so much prosecution in the age of the Neros". He has never, he concludes, heard a paper "characterized by such explanation and (if he may be allowed to use a foreign word) *embonpoint*".

Several members desire advice from Dr. Guest as to how to go to bazaars without spending money; but he declares his inability to give them any help. "Ecclesiastical Economy", he says, "is a science, not an art; observing the struggle between sanctified rapacity and natural meanness, not attempting to aid either of the combatants".

A Champion of Reality contends that it would be better to abolish bazaars altogether; to appeal openly to Christian people for money required, and thus to encourage honesty of thought, and to avoid work, worry, waste. Waxing warm, he draws a realistic sketch of the Economic Woman who "forces her tradesmen to give things; her male relations to buy things; her female relations and friends to make things; and then compels the same persons to purchase the things which they have given or made, or to repurchase the things which they have bought, at 50 per cent above their market price, in order that they may be ready for the next bazaar". Dr. Guest gently rebukes his injudicious ardour. "The Essence of Civilisation", he solemnly remarks, "is concealment; the Quintessence of Civilization is concealment of the concealment".

Whilst the bulk of the audience is trying to discover the relevance of this observation, an indignant Believer in Things-as-they-are asks whether it is fair "to place civilization on a level with thieves and preachers who wish to be thought extemporaneous". Dr. Guest earnestly disclaims any intention of being severe upon "criminals who become such rather through force of circumstances than from deliberate choice".

The discussion now falls in temperature. We feel that its harvest is passed, its Summer ended. Like sap in Autumn trees, ideas cease to circulate; members begin to drop off, after the manner of October leaves. Dr. Guest yawns; everybody else in the room does the same. The President tinkles his little bell again. The effect is as that of a cyclone in November. The room is speedily cleared. The silence of Winter settles upon the scene. Outside we bid one another a languid good-night, arranging to meet again at the Guildhall on the 27th.

F. J. C. Hearnshaw.

The fact that Joseph Conrad's description of Henry James as "a hippopotamus chasing a pea" never ceases to amuse no doubt labels us as the philistine that we are, a view that will be confirmed by our opinion that if Virginia Woolf lives it will be as critic and not as novelist. Mr. David Daiches' *Virginia Woolf* (PL., 7s. 6d.) is an unusually fine and sensitive piece of work, which we have read with great interest: he knows what Virginia Woolf was trying to do, and expounds it with clarity and skill; although we should call her middle novels "experiments" rather than "masterpieces", yet we are continually in Mr. Daiches' debt for new insights. Mrs. Woolf herself appears as the "luminous halo" she herself was seeking, and never becomes a clear picture, but her work is admirably described and estimated. It is to be regretted that so gifted a life came to such an early and tragic end.

ON LIFE AND BOOKS

FOR CRICKETERS ONLY.

Is it merely local prejudice that makes one turn to Yorkshire when a request comes for cricket stories? I do not think so, for I know no county which has produced so many "characters" as the county of broad acres. This e'en the ranks of Tuscany are constrained to admit; would anyone deny that the finest of all writers on cricket, Mr. Neville Cardus, reaches his greatest heights when writing of matches between Lancashire and Yorkshire? Loyal Lancastrian as he is, Mr. Cardus finds his staple food across the Pennines: think how impoverished his pages would be without Wainwright, Emmott Robinson, Sutcliffe, Arthur Mitchell's cap, and "the legendary Rhodes". With what delight he has recorded those struggles—battles rather—in which, according to Roy Kilner, "we say 'good morning' on't first day, and then we nivver spaik to 'em except to say *'Ow's that?*' "

Indeed I often think that the best piece of descriptive writing "Cricketer" ever achieved was after a match at Headingley in which the incredible happened—Lancashire were victorious. With only 50 to get on the last morning, something went badly wrong with the Yorkshire batting, and they were all out for 30 or so. Mr. Cardus hurried away from the ground, and boarded a tram, to be greeted by the conductor's "What 'ev they won bi?" "They haven't won", was the reply, on which the conductor said, "I'm talking abaht t'cricket match. What 'ev Yorkshire won bi?" At last he was made to realize that Yorkshire hadn't won at all, whereupon he ceased to collect fares, went off and told the driver, and the tram henceforward proceeded to the city on its own volition. Before he arrived at the station, Mr. Cardus noticed that depression was gradually spreading over the streets, and the refreshment room was soon filled with gloomy faces and voices declaring, "Ah'd nivver 'a believed it on 'em". Soon it was observed that "Cricketer" did not share the general dismay, and this conversation ensued:

"Tha doesn't seem to be takkin' it to 'eart".
"No, I'm not".
"Oh, 'appen tha' cums thru' Manchester?"
"Yes, I do".
"Oh, and thart feelin' very pleeased wi' thissen?"
"Indeed, I am".
"And thart barn 'ooam to tell 'em all abaht it?"
"Yes".
"Well"—viciously—"I 'ope tha drops dahn deead afore tha gets theer".

For forty years it has been my good fortune to watch Yorkshire cricket, and I am trying to persuade myself it will be my duty to celebrate the arrival of peace by becoming a life member of the Club: certainly the cost will be far from repaying the pleasure I have received. I think of the Yorkshire team when as a boy I first used to watch them—Brown, Tunnicliffe, Denton, F. S. Jackson, T. L. Taylor (or F. Mitchell), Wainwright, Hirst, Haigh, Lord Hawke, Rhodes, Hunter. Is there any team since the war of 1914-18 which would face that XI with any confidence? Almost every member of it had personality. One year, I remember, David Hunter found himself in June at the head of the batting averages; with a host of "not

outs" and a total of 102, I think, he had an average of 51. This gave him much pleasure, for he took his batting as seriously as his wicket-keeping. One night he was sent in as a stop-gap before close of play: he went on batting next morning, and was not out until his score was 51. As he explained to the reporters, this was his real standard, and he could keep it up if the runs were really needed.

And then there was George Hirst. No man, I think, has quite approached him in popularity with the Yorkshire crowds: perhaps Roy Kilner came nearest. I have tried to find words to describe Hirst's run to the wicket, but have failed. How disconcerting his swing could sometimes be! And has anybody got as much pleasure from dropping on the right knee, and pulling the ball round to leg? I remember at Dewsbury once pulling a young brother's hand from the seat just before the ball crashed against it: the dent in the wood showed how little would have been left of the fingers. Hirst and Rhodes—what other county can produce such a pair, the two finest all-round cricketers the game has known? Hirst's instructions to the young Rhodes, coming in No. 11 in a Test Match, with 17 runs needed to win, are part of cricket history: "We'll get 'em i' singles". I could write about Rhodes for a long time: No. 11 for England, and played for his bowling; then No. 1 for England; sharing the record for both first and last wicket stands in Test Matches; then brought back to win the Oval Test for England by his bowling in 1926; the double sixteen times—well may legend gather round him. Perhaps the greatest tribute ever paid to his bowling was by Victor Trumper: he batted all day on a perfect batsman's wicket in Australia, and at last cried, "For God's sake, Wilfred, give us a bit o' peace": 5 for 94 (in 48 overs, was it?) was Rhodes's analysis, with never a loose ball.

Rhodes took the place of another brilliant all-rounder, whose career came to an all-too-sudden end. One day a match in Australia was drawing to its seemingly inevitable end. The wicket had remained the proverbial batsman's paradise, and when the last morning came Australia had less than 100 to make to win. X—— had no reason to think his bowling would be of much use next day, and before bedtime came he was dead to the world. He slept like a log, and knew nothing of the thunderstorm and pouring rain during the night. With the bad hangover he deserved he walked on to the field, expecting the wicket to be as on the previous day. His feet touched the turf, he gave a startled jump, looked up at the blazing sun, pressed his thumb upon the pitch, and cried, "Gimme that ball"—and if truth be told, there was an adjective before "ball". And Australia did not get the 100 (there was, I believe, a little assistance from somebody from Lancashire).

After the War of 1914-18, though Rhodes was still playing, there came new faces and new personalities—Sutcliffe and Leyland, Robinson and Macaulay among them. Sutcliffe's penchant for getting in front of the wicket[1] brought a likeable story from Pudsey, where he was every boy's hero. One batsman in a Sunday School XI was out lbw on three consecutive Saturdays, and received the no doubt aggravating comment from the umpire, "Tha's getten that stroak o' 'Erbert's off all reight"!

The best story of Leyland I know is of a partnership with Robins, that most versatile and attractive of sportsmen. In an Australian Test Match England were in a hopeless position. Needing about 800 to win, they were

[1] A surmise borne out by the summary of Sutcliffe's career printed in Mr. E. L. Roberts's *Sutcliffe* (Birmingham: Hudson, 3s.)—uniform with the booklets on Bradman and Verity—from which it appears that in first-class cricket Sutcliffe has been *lbw* 138 times.

in the third hundred with five wickets down, and Leyland and Robins were making a stand. It was nearly time for drawing stumps, but Robins, as ever, was full of vim and pressing for a quick three rather than the comfortable two which appealed to Leyland. As they crossed the Yorkshireman remarked, "Tak' it easy, lad; we can't get 'em all to-neet".

Before Bowes came on the scene Yorkshire had a notable pair of opening bowlers in Emmott Robinson and Macaulay—both of them distinct personalities. How characteristic Robinson's run to the wicket, and what a fine fieldsman he was! One day he was fielding at silly mid-off against Fostershire when one of the brothers had "got his eye in" and was making some vigorous straight and off drives. "Don't you think you'd better move a bit further back, Emmott?" he asked solicitously, to get the laconic reply, "Get on wi' thi laiking, Mr. Foster". Macaulay's bowling could be malignant, but not so malignant as the scowl he hurled at the umpire who ignored his appeals. And Macaulay gave them many a chance. "George", remarked one long-suffering umpire, "tha'rt best appealer I've ivver known except one". "And who were that?" asked George. "Dr. Barnardo", was the reply.

While Macaulay's appeals seemed an effort to intimidate the umpire, Verity merely turned an inquiring head, as if to say, "Surely there's no doubt about that?" But the best Verity story is not his, but Arthur Wood's. There was a memorable day on the small Harrogate field when H. B. Cameron, the South African wicket-keeper, scored 30 in an over of six balls from Verity—three sixes and three fours. As they crossed over, Wood quizzed, "Tha'd getten him i' two minds that over, 'Edla". "What d'ya mean?" asked the bowler. "He didn't know whether to knock 'em for sixes or for fowers". Sad it is that we shall see neither Cameron nor Verity in action again. In one of his books Sutcliffe spoils this story, not so much by increasing the score to 32, but by dressing the conversation in the King's English. Not so do Yorkshiremen divest themselves of their characteristics! Two other stories come to mind, with a generation intervening between them. Schofield Haigh, than whom no bowler had a better break-back, when just coming to fame had to present cup and medals in a Sunday School League. When called upon, he rose and said, "When I came here to-neet, mi father and me knew what I wer barn to say. Naa, onli mi father knows".

And can the Yorkshire character be seen exhibited anywhere better than in the conversation with Maurice Leyland toward the end of Rhodes's career?

"I suppose Wilfred'll be retiring this year?"
"No, he isn't".
"O, has he said he's going on?"
"No, he's sed nowt, but he's noan retiring".
"Why are you so sure if he's said nothing?"
"He's bowt some new flannils".

And so I could go on, probably long after the patience of readers was exhausted. I once asked one of the Yorkshire professionals how he liked the life. "Your legs gets weary", was the practical, if unexpected, reply. Lest the other end of readers gets weary this article had better stop forthwith.

ALBERT PEEL.

FOREIGN IMPRESSIONS AND REVIEWS

FROM TWO CZECH PASTORS.

[*Recently I had the privilege of reading some letters from two Czech pastors written before the war in Europe and since its conclusion. They seemed to me so significant, spiritually as well as politically, that I asked permission to print them. The writers were bursars of the Church of Scotland fifteen years ago, the recipient a Glasgow lady who has visited them in their own country.*

The letters are printed as written, with the deletion of superfluous commas which sometimes made sentences difficult to understand. The only omissions are of personal details, but the names of persons and places are not given in full.—EDITOR.]

I.—From Pastor K——
26/10/38.

We thank you very sincerely for your letters, kind thoughts, sympathies —most of all for your prayers. . . . And please forgive us that we were not able to write. I wanted to write a long letter to explain things, but—even now it is not possible. It is too painful. There is far too much bitterness in our hearts.

I must most passionately disagree with you in one thing: Czechoslovakia has not "crucified" herself for the peace of Europe, Czechoslovakia *was crucified* by the strong ones. For the peace? I wonder.

I am sorry to say that we have not "an inward peace" won by such "abnegation". When one sees his own brothers and sisters suffering of hopelessness and humiliation one cannot feel "an inward peace".

You saw in July . . . the bare soul and I may say with all Christian humility the noble and pure soul of our nation. I do not know how you would feel if you saw that soul *now*. God help us! Nobody other will.

I hope that Britain sees, *now* at least [? last], *what* happened in Central Europe. It was not the problem of Sudeten Deutschland at all.

I wish I could hope that God will not punish too hard France and Britain for what they have done to us. I am very much afraid that the punishment is already beginning and that it will be *too hard*. God be gracious to France and Britain. We "enjoy the peace"! Centuries ago there was a peace called *pax Romana*. What will be the name of this one? Don't you guess?

But—we do not need to be ashamed and we can walk with our head straight up. That is something—at least.

All our sorrow and humiliation does not mean that we do not know that there are still noble and sincere people in Britain. It does not change in anything our feelings towards you and so many Scottish people. Our sorrow means that we lost our faith in Britain—not as our ally, but as a morally great country whose politics were governed by nobleness, peacefulness and not by cowardice. I am very much afraid that September 1938 meant not only an end of independent Czechoslovakia, but also an end of Great (morally and politically) Britain. Why such a change since the 21st May? God help Britain.

I wish only my outlook would prove not to be right. . . . We join with you all in prayers for this unhappy world, for Britain and for Czechoslovakia.

We have now 15 miles to the Reich. Believe me I am not against the fact that the Sudetenland was given to Germany, but the trouble is *how* it was done and that in the name of *ethnical* frontiers nearly 1,000,000 of Czechs were handed over to Germany, where they will have no rights, no schools, at all—as it looks.

8/6/45.

This is just a very short letter as I have only a very short time before the departure of the gentleman who will take it by air to London.

We all thank God that the war and all that ordeal of past six years is over and that our family is all safe and together. We hope that now a better time arrives for the world and for our nation too. We expected of course that the outcome of the war will be for our people a little different, many things look very uncertain and gloomy especially with us, but let us hope for the best. God still reigns over His world and He cares for it. I need not to say how much I admired Great Britain who in 1940 stood alone against the gigantic forces of Hitlerism. I hope that she will be as great in peace as she was in war. And all the hope for the world is in this: whether the door between the West and the East of Europe remains open for mutual spiritual and personal intercourse and influence.

As for our family we all live and are safe in God's allmighty hand. He cared for us and preserved us, though we were in a many great danger, especially in the revolution days at the beginning of May. I am now since 5.1943 pastor in Prague in the Salvatorchurch where you heard me preach in 1930. . . . You do not know our smallest one. She was born the 27th May, 1941 and was baptized by me as *Hope* on the 22nd June, 1941 on the day when Hitler attacked Russia. . . .

We hope that our new Republic will be soon at least a little similar to that of T. G. Masaryk in 1918-1938.

II.—From Pastor S——
5/11/38.

Many thanks for your letter and card and for all your expressions of sympathy. It is not easy for us to write letters to our foreign friends. There are all possible kinds of feeling in our minds, but this of shame and bitterness is the prevailing one. We are now a little "wiser", and this wisdom (a very old one) calls: *Der grosser hat immer recht, der kleine nie.* That was the point. . . .

As to our church: we lose about 13 congregations, 11 for Germany, 2 for Poland [Details given]. B—— (7,000 Germans, 11 Czechs) gets also lost. The congregations C——, P——, H—— are of that art, that in the villages of them there is no one German. But they are occupated and the lot of them is not sure. We lose above 30 Mission-stations, and about 20,000 members. If you consider, that our church consists *only* from Czechs, and if you consider, that we [*i.e.*, Protestants] are a small minority (3 per cent), you may have some fancy about our losses.

The moral shock was very bad. You know, that our folk is not a very religious one. I tried to tell you, why. Now his religion becomed almost democracy, freedom of the small nations and of conscience, and belief on allies. And it is always painful for the man to lose his religion.

We warned often against this human religion. And if our nation would see now, where is its place, its support and real help, also this shock would become for us blessed. But if ——

In all other respects we are very well, also my parents. Our home in —— remained with us, but the limit is 1/7th of hour from my home.

[Many places known to recipient mentioned as not far from new boundary]. Better not to think and not to write about that.

I am heartily glad, that also your friendship is not going lost. . . .

29/11/38.

I am very sad to let you know, that my joy, expressed in my last letter, that our home in K—— remained with us, was too early. It was a terrible shock for us to hear from wireless on 21st of November, that a new division of our country is going on, that we are losing again about 140 purely Czech villages and small towns, among them also K——, where I was born and where my parents and sister are living, and V——, the home of my wife. We didn't expect it at all, no one German has been ever staying in these and hundreds of other places. We heard it on Monday night, didn't sleep, and early in the morning I left for K—— by car; we had very bad, rainy weather, but safely arrived. There was no help, of course, and we had only to look at the German soldiers, marching on 27th through our every Czech country. You can imagine, what we felt about. Their treating was quite decent, even they try to show that we (that is to say: the people in the occupied places) shall go much better on than in our own state. We have to be prepared that the souls shall be bought. In the schools our children have to start with *Heil Hitler;* next Sunday our people has to go to the first ballot: Do you stand with Adolf H. and do you agree with his men? 1. A. Hitler, 2. K. Henlein, 3. B. Frank, etc. And what should our people do? Say: no, or not to go to the voting signifies non loyalty with all bad consequences for the minority.

We do not know yet, what the future of our schools will be. Probably (I hear) the children will be taught in their Czech language, but in every school a German teacher will teach our children German language *and* see if the Czech teachers are teaching in the German spirit. Also the future of the ministers in the occupied congregations is not clear. They have, I am sure, to become German citizens, but if they do that, they might be every time set over in an other German congregation. And their children?—We are sad about it, but absolutely mightless, there is no appeal to anybody. Might is more than right, peace more than freedom: for our freedom—and freedom of all small states—is an illusion only. Our future is dark, not economically in the first place, but spiritually: our best ideals are liing in the dust, and treading not only from outside, but from many of our own people too, who change them with our defeat. God himself is pressing us on the way of cross, and inviting us to seek in him our only help and standing by. But will my people understand this call of God? . . .

I am ever so glad that there are people in the wide world, who are thinking on us.

9/2/39.

I feel myself quite ashamed as I did not write to you since Xmas, [n]either did I send you any expression of thanks for your precious book for me, and very nice booklets for our children. . . . I went through Morrisson's book [G. H. Morrison] and I could understand why you did love him so much. His tender mood, noble personality and his understanding full of tact for the special sorrows of the human soul looks out from each adress. Our kind of preaching is a little another one, perhaps not so "humanistical", perhaps with a little more of dogmatics, but surely not so interesting, and very probably not so deep. I use your precious book sometimes like an inspiration. . . .

In these days mother of my wife came to see us. We have a great joy,

but with the feeling of bitterness, which does not cease, that she had to go over the boundaries. They do not feel any special oppression of their nationality in that country, only the mayors are new—German, and everything, inscriptions, notices—German, in the villages where no one German is living.

As to our political life—we are now thinking on the recovery only. I am sad, that some foreign papers are bringing some news about the terror and dictatorship with us. It is not true. Of course, it is not allowed, what was done before the breaking, especially we have to be careful in what we are saying about Germany, but there is no terror with us. I am not in the party of National Unity, and I am very critical, but we must say that our governement has the best will and that it does what each other governement had to do. I confess, I am often strongly depressed, it is a horrible feeling to be small and given [?] on grace and ungrace of a giant, and to know that we have nobody who stands up for us. And then the feeling of no security! We were promissed that the guarantee for our new boundaries shall be given. When? We were promissed that we get a financial help, not gifts, but loan, but we get almost nothing, the help of Great B. being for fugitives, mostly Jews—But still, "we faint not" II Cor. 4. 16-18. We are glad, that there are many who are thinking in love on us, and it is a real encouraging that you are in such a special measure among them.

20/3/39.

I would like to write you, but I do not know what about. The reality is so clear, so clear like if somebody is dead. Our heart is terribly empty, we are like drowned, the surface of the water moves perhaps still, but we do not know—most of us—about it. We have to hear only—not from our own part—that everybody is glad that our freedom got lost, that it was a mistake, that 20 years of our freedom was the worst time of our history etc. And today: that the Czechs selves recognized their error and found themselves the right way! But I am sure you understand not one Czech speaks in this way.

We are living in the age of triumphing lie. I am so happy that I found the truth in God, in Jesus Christ crucified and risen; that is the rock, and it is very much to have the rock under the feet in the fight for freedom that will come. I do not think that this struggle will be decided early and by material means. I do not expect very much from Great Britain (nothing to say about France): it is too weak spiritually, and *without* the rock under the feet. Against this daimonical might of lie and violence can stand only Jesus Christ and his people. Here I see my task in my modest circumstances: through the freedom in Christ prepare the freedom of my nation. I believe that Jesus Christ will not cease to work amid the German people. And the more they are near to Jesus Christ, the nearer our freedom. For the real free people can not rob the freedom to others.

I am persuaded, that Mr. Chamberlain outwitted last autumn his own people, but now he was outwitted himself. Everything was prepared a long time. Before Christmas the German delegated Kundt told openly to his people they should not use the right of option, in the Mart they shall be glad, they did not do it. We heared many times that many of our Germans use a mysterious greeting: *Heil Märx!* The Slovaks played a tragical play, and betrayed us, but *against* the majority of the reasonable Slovaks. But it was also only the German play. There was totaly quiet relationship towards the German and we had the best endeavour to live with them in peace. The sudden incidents—it was the play.

We remain in love Your sincere friends.

2/7/45.

My first letter after our long years of our national and spiritual prison may reach you well and express you our deep joy that we are free again, our thanks to God, that He strengthed us by His mighty presence in the darkest times, that "He brought us up out of an horrible pit, out of the mirry clay" (Ps. 70) and led us so, that we all in our family are well, without any harm, and do not want. And it may express you also, how closely we were joined with you all in your country, how we were striving after good news, that you stand up and resist in those gloomy years of 1939-1941. We knew that you suffered more than we did, but many of us envied you, because you were suffering as free men. Times without number I asked myself if your country is spiritually strong enough to bear for a long time the terrible burden of the war. I began to expect the good end of the war only at the time when S.S.S.R. was pulled into the fight. But I am so glad to admit that your country showed so much heroisme as I could hardly expect according your modern literature and politics around 1938. It was one of my nicest disappointments of my life. And this letter may bring to you and your country our thanks for all that you did for the sake of freedom. I believe that it was done—in its highiest intences—for the sake of Kingdom of God.

I do hope that our relations will be renewed, that you will come as soon as possible to see all your friends, who never gave up to remember you, your country, and all the happy times we could have together. . . . [Family details follow, including "My dear wife is much suffering by rheumatism, but she is not bound on the bed"] . . .

We have now to go through many difficult problems. But we have much hope that we will put soon all in order and law. The end of the war brings of course many heavy interferences. The problem of our Germans is really a heavy one. But for the future for the sake of piece [*sic*] there is the radical solvation the best. Of course in the limits of the law.

Now—all the future is in the hands of Almighty. There is everywhere so much relying on man's strength and force. But it is quite clear for me that without renewing of the man's heart through the Spirit of Jesus Christ we can't achieve a really new future—"You must be born again".

Justice and the Social Order. By EMIL BRUNNER. Lutterworth Press. 15s.

Justice and the Social Order is an impressive supplement to Brunner's great contribution to Christian Ethics—*The Divine Imperative*—which he rightly claimed to be the first exposition of Christian Ethics "which made the evangelical faith its centre". In this book, too, he claims to be a pioneer:

> While the Catholic Church, drawing on centuries of tradition, possesses an impressive systematic theory of justice, Protestant Christianity has had none for some three hundred years past. That may sound a bold statement; it can, unfortunately, be proved. It is doubtless one of the main reasons why the Protestant Church is so unsure of itself in questions of the social order, economics, law, politics and international law, and why its statements on these subjects are so haphazard and improvised that they fail to carry conviction.

The opening chapter deals with "The Disintegration of the Western Idea of Justice". The Western theory of justice was "derived from two main sources—classical philosophy, in which the Roman element should

not be underrated, and Christianity". Aristotle's conception of "human law as based on a primal divine law" blended in the Christian era "with the Scriptural doctrine of the order of creation and the commandment of justice laid upon men by the one holy and just God. The two coalesced in the conception of the Christian law of nature". The disintegration of this conception began with the Age of Reason and was continued by Romanticism.

> It was, however, the positivism of the nineteenth century, with its denial of the metaphysical and superhuman, which dissolved the idea of justice by proclaiming the relativity of all views of justice. Thereby the idea of justice was stripped of all divine dignity and law abandoned to the vagaries of human will.

The result of this is seen in the totalitarian State, which is

> simply and solely legal positivism in political practice. . . . If there is no sacred, eternal, divine, absolute law, there is no possibility of denouncing any form of law or polity or national act as unjust. If the positivistic theory of law is right, there is no possibility of waging war against the totalitarian State as a monster of injustice. Nor can we even say, "It is unjust"; but only, "It does not suit me, I do not like such things".

Dr. Brunner proceeds to discuss "the Place of Justice in the Sphere of Ethics". Love is related to persons; justice has to do with impersonal relationships, with institutions, laws, and ordinances. Thus "while justice always appears as an inferior value in the ethics of the person, in the ethics of institutions it is the supreme and ultimate standard".

There follow illuminating chapters on "Justice and Law", "Justice and Equality", "The Ground of Equality", and "The Ground of Inequality", leading up to the claim that "Christianity alone can protect men from the demands both of one-sided individualism and one-sided collectivism".

In the chapter on "The Inequalities of Men and the Rights of the Community" it is emphasized that "Sovereignty is a concept which cannot with impunity be transferred from God, to Whom alone it belongs, to men or human things. . . . " If we seriously believe in

> the sovereignty of the people, then, as Rousseau, the most eloquent advocate of this fallacy, noted, we proclaim thereby the "révolution permanente". . . . And if we speak seriously of the sovereignty of the State, as modern legal positivism does, then, as recent times have shown, the totalitarian State already exists.

Dr. Brunner goes on to discuss "Justice and the Law of Nature", "Static and Dynamic Justice" (illustrated from *Philemon*), "Justice and the Revelation of Scripture". Of special significance is the discussion on "Justice and Love".

> Justice, as compared with love, is not an inferior thing, a thing which should not be. As long as we human beings live in this world, where there are systems, justice is as indispensable as love. This can be seen by the fact that the man of love, as soon as he has to act in the world of institutions, turns his love into justice. He knows that if he did otherwise, he would ruin, destroy the world of institutions. Love which is not just in the world of institutions is sentimentality. And sentimentality, feeling for feeling's sake, is the poison, the solvent which destroys all just institutions.

Having thus in the first half of his book enunciated the principles of

justice, Dr. Brunner in its second half passes from principles to practice, and emphasizes that here his treatment is inevitably tentative:

> It would be folly and arrogance to claim any finality for the application of the basic principles to the concrete problems, especially those of economics and international relations.

As a Swiss, he holds that the antithesis of the totalitarian State is not democracy but federalism. He is altogether opposed to the conception of the omnicompetent State, but recognizes that "reasonable economic planning" should not be stigmatized as "totalitarian communism". Only where "employers and employed both understand their work as a community of service" will there be "a true, just, hierarchic and patriarchal structure of industry".

The last chapter deals with "Justice in the International Order". We have to ask not

> what kind of international order would be possible if all men were good Christians, but what is possible on the assumption that a small minority of men are good Christians, the only assumption that a statesman can go upon.

The Kellogg pact to ban war actually accelerated it, since none of the parties to it took it seriously, and so the treaty of peace, as a guarantee of peace, was more than ever discredited.

> The optimistic view of the future as eternal world peace among the nations is, so far as this historical, mundane world is concerned, not the view of Scripture. . . . The Kingdom of God, which is proclaimed in the New Testament, lies beyond the bounds of earthly history, in which sinful men and self-seeking nations are the agents of events. It is dangerous and fantastic to imagine that sinful men are capable of making the reign of justice and eternal peace a reality. [But] if the idea of eternal peace within historical time is a Utopia, it would be false pessimism to deny the possibility of overcoming what is called war to-day. [And yet] the protection of right by might will never be unnecessary as long as there are men who do not submit of their own free will to the judgment of right—that means as long as there is evil in the world.

It has seemed best to devote this review to exposition, not to criticism. How much of the decay of the Church's influence has been due to the superficiality and sentimentalism of much of its preaching and teaching on Christian Ethics in the inter-war period! It is not surprising that many think of Christianity as if it were a pretty tale like that of Santa Claus. We hope this profound and suggestive book will be not only read but studied. It deals with issues that are as urgent as they are fundamental, and we are very grateful to the Lutterworth Press for making it available in English. We hope, however, that when the second edition appears an index will be provided. SYDNEY CAVE.

Why does a writer who has succeeded in one *genre* forsake it for another? Why, *e.g.*, has M. Georges Bernanos tried to write a novel, for so *The Open Mind* (Lane, 8s. 6d.) is called? There may be those who can understand the meaning of this weird account of the life of a village in the grip of evil, but we do not claim to be among them. Nothing is clear, neither plot nor characters, and the disquisition on psychology and why priests are hated seems intrusive.

CURRENT LITERATURE

"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."—FRANCIS BACON.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—JOHN MILTON.

(*The place of publication is London unless otherwise stated.*)

A Portrait of Jesus. By SHERWOOD EDDY. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.
There is a Tide. By MERVYN STOCKWOOD. Allen & Unwin. 6s.
Things which Abide. By RAYMOND ABBA. Epworth Press. 6s.

Dr. Sherwood Eddy is now well advanced (not well stricken) in years, but he has a word for this generation as for the last or the last but one, when he and John R. Mott were apostles and evangelists together. Here, in a kind of testament, is his evaluation of the greatest of all themes. He calls it, quoting F. C. Burkitt, a portrait rather than a life of Jesus; the first nine chapters follow the normal treatment of the synoptic record, beginning, like *Mk.*, with the proclamation of the good news. While there is nothing novel in these chapters there is a freshness and competence about them; and those on the Crucifixion and the Resurrection prepare us for the author's study of the Pauline and Johannine interpretations. Chapter 12 is entitled "The 20th Century Portrait". There are three useful appendixes —and a very poor amateurish index.

The book can be cordially commended. In it are blended wide and sound reading, the invaluable guidance of James Moffatt, and much wholesome meditation. The writer's dominant thought is the timeless spiritual truth of the living water (Jn. 4^{14}); "the great essential is . . . spiritual experience, verifiable anew in every age". He will have no dichotomy of Jesus and Christ; here is liberal evangelicalism at its best, a book for the hour.

Mr. Stockwood is a stalwart recruit to the company of impatient parsons. A convinced socialist, he is certain that "the Labour party would be a little (*sic*) more robust if it would study Christian theology and its implications". A party "which has ignored truth for religious platitudes" cannot build a new England. As a clergyman he is aware of his Church's shortcomings—"it is tragic that she should be so blissfully asleep". Hence this series of lectures based on the articles of the Apostles' Creed, with an addition on Baptism from the Nicene, and another on Confirmation. One is tempted to break a lance with Mr. Stockwood here and there, *e.g.*, on the Virgin Birth (where his analogy is hardly pertinent), his use of the Fourth Gospel for Jesus's testimony to Himself, the suggestion that "paradise" might be substituted for "the descent into hell", and his Sabellian illustration of the Trinity. He seems to think (p. 65) that nonconformity originated in the 18th century. But it is a simple, honest, earnest "appeal to the unconverted" and the half-hearted, and would have been stronger still if the author were more of a modernist.

Mr. Abba has here brought together twenty sermons whose aim is "to show the relevance of the Christian faith in a world at war". The preacher's insistence on the things that cannot be shaken is persuasively set out, the argument is well articulated, the diction such as can be understanded of the people, and the illustrations—drawn from a wide range of nature, history, and literature—apposite. A work of achievement on the part of one of our younger ministers, and of promise.

ALEX. J. GRIEVE.

A Monument to Saint Augustine. Essays on some aspects of his thought. By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., Maurice Blondel, Christopher Dawson, Etienne Gilson, Jacques Maritain, C. C. Martindale, S.J., Erich Przywara, S.J., John-Baptist Reeves, O.P., B. Roland-Gosselin, E. I. Watkin. Sheed & Ward. 10s. 6d.

An Augustine Synthesis. By Erich Przywara. Introduction by C. C. Martindale. Sheed & Ward. 12s. 6d.

These two volumes, originally printed in 1930 and 1936 respectively, and now reprinted together, may be regarded as supplementary, inasmuch as the *florilegium* contained in the second of them forms an admirable book of reference for the brilliant studies contained in the first, the work of some of the most notable Roman Catholic scholars of our time. The subjects of the essays comprise the age of St. Augustine, his life and character, his mysticism, his humanism, his metaphysics, his ethics, his relation to St. Thomas Aquinas and to modern thought, the future of his philosophy and its latent resources. It should be noted that in all of them St. Augustine is studied as a philosopher rather than as a theologian: a further volume on the latter aspect of his work is promised.

It is quite impossible in a short review to do justice to the wealth of the subordinate themes discussed in this comprehensive symposium. But there are two subjects of particular interest on which comment may be made. These are the relation of St. Augustine to St. Thomas Aquinas and his relation to modern thought. The former subject has an essay by M. Maritain all to itself; but it is treated also in other essays, notably in Father D'Arcy's on Augustine's philosophy, M. Gilson's on its future, and M. Blondel's on its latent resources. In fact, it is a subject from which the writers cannot get away, since for Western Catholicism Augustine is the greatest of the Fathers, while Aquinas is the prince of theologians. The question is put again and again: Do they agree, or do they not? With some variation of expression and proportion of statement, the general answer is that we must look to the two great men for different things, and that they supplement one another. Augustine is the Christian Plato, whose philosophy was a fusion of intellectualism and mysticism. His genius embraced the truth with the intellect and the heart together: he sought the living truth. Philosophy originating in this way was naturally unsystematic, and is capable of very different developments, some of which, it is freely admitted by the writers, proved to be heretical. Aquinas, on the other hand, has a completely rationalized system in which nothing is left to the imagination, and from which deviation is impossible except on condition of breaking with Thomism altogether. The Angelic Doctor certainly drew largely upon Augustine, but according to M. Gilson has improved upon him; though other writers, as for instance M. Blondel, do not feel so sure about the improvement. What is clear is that in Augustine reason is everywhere blended with emotion, while in Aquinas, though emotion is not absent, reason is dominant.

Father Przywara writes most interestingly on Augustine and Modern Thought in an essay which stands out from the rest in character and substance, being occupied with themes familiar in present-day Protestantism. Przywara seizes on Augustine's interiorism: God is to be sought in the soul, *ecce intus eras*. He reminds us how Hegel saw in interiorism the essence of the Protestant doctrine of assurance in Luther and of modern idealism in Descartes. Hegel himself, says Przywara, shows the issue of this interiorism in one direction. If God is to be sought in the soul, and the soul is to be identified with Descartes as the *cogito*, then Hegel does but work out the consequence by expanding the *cogito* to the universe and identifying it with God, the result being atheism under another name. But there is also an-

other line of development from Augustinianism, where the infinite distance between God and the soul is realized: it is not merely the distance between Creator and creature, but also between Holiness and the sinner. This type of thought proceeding through Luther, Calvin, and Pascal has eventuated in Kierkegaard and Barth: the result is absolute despair. Hegel and Kierkegaard between them exhibit the final bankruptcy of Protestantism—a devastating conclusion very satisfactory from Przywara's standpoint. The conclusion, however, overlooks the existence of a third type of modern doctrine, which neither atheistically dismisses God from the universe nor despairingly drives Him to an infinite distance from it: it is the doctrine of Schleiermacher and Ritschl, in which God is found near at hand, as the soul responds to the revelation of His love. As long as this doctrine remains as a possibility, Protestantism need not be in a hurry to admit bankruptcy.

ROBERT S. FRANKS.

The Shape of the Liturgy. By DOM GREGORY DIX. Dacre Press. 45s.

The thought of fourteen years and the writing of fourteen months are concentrated in this volume. This, and the reputation of Dom Gregory as a liturgist of the first order, should commend *The Shape of the Liturgy* to the serious attention of all students of the history of Christian worship. Whilst its appeal and its price are likely to limit the number of readers, it is not intended solely for the expert. On the contrary its author disclaims any interest in "archæology for archæology's sake": his concern is eminently practical. He intends to explain "not only when and how, but *why* that standard structure or shape of the Liturgy took and kept the shape it has". He wears his patristic and medieval scholarship lightly, and his vivid illustrations and flashes of wit illuminate the labyrinths of learning.

His thesis is that the Liturgy derives from a two-fold origin: the Synaxis (or Liturgy of the Spirit) comes from the worship in the synagogue, whilst the Eucharist is a development of the Last Supper. The latter, he claims, was a re-interpretation in the light of the coming Passion, of the "chaburah" suppers celebrated by devout societies of Jews. In a survey of the Pre-Nicene liturgies he finds a four-action shape implicit in them, which he claims was the characteristic form of the "chaburah" supper. This recognizable pattern underlies, in his view, all the diverse celebrations of the Liturgy from the first to the sixteenth centuries. This shape includes the following elements in the following order: (1) the offertory, or "taking" of bread and wine; (deriving, probably, from the bringing of contributions in kind to the "chaburah" meal); (2) the eucharistic prayer, with its preliminary dialogue of invitation (finding its parallel in the Preface of the prayer of Consecration in the historic rites); (3) the fraction; (4) the communion. Later developments were merely elaborations on this basis.

The weakest chapter is that on "The Reformation and the Anglican Liturgy". Dom Gregory tries to do justice to the difficulties under which the Reformers worked, making due allowance for the abuses of the later medieval Church, and for the Reformers' ignorance of the primitive orders of worship in the undivided Church. But Zwingli is dismissed as a "memorialist", and Calvin's contribution to sacramental theology is caricatured as follows: "There *is* an efficacious significance of its own in the act of the individual's communion, to which the whole eucharistic rite has been reduced" (p. 633). This criticism would be more applicable to Luther's rites than to Calvin's, which stress the corporate nature of the Church as the Body of Christ.

In conclusion, readers will be grateful for a deepened understanding of the historic forms of worship of the Christian Church. They will be particularly indebted to the author for his profound analysis of "The Meaning

of the Eucharist" (*c.* IX), and for his insistence that the eschatological reference of the Eucharist has been largely lost or overlaid by an exclusive Western emphasis on the Passion of our Lord, to the neglect of the Resurrection, Ascension, and Glorification of Christ. This is a devout book and richly deserves the reward its author wishes for it that "it should help others also to love God better through their own liturgies".

HORTON DAVIES.

SHORTER NOTICES & DESCRIPTIVE LIST

(*Books marked * are recommended for ministerial reading.*)

Dr. A. M. Hunter's **Introducing the New Testament* (S.C.M., 6s.) is an excellent little book which exactly fulfils the promise made by its title. We know of no other work on the subject where so much is contained in so small a space. Dr. Hunter is specially gifted in summarizing the more difficult works, such as *Romans;* indeed he seems stronger there than in the narrative books: *Acts* was the only chapter where he seemed to fall below his own high level. A book for ministers to read and to recommend: the style is simple and the scholarship sound, and among elders, deacons, and teachers it should have a wide circulation.

O Clouds Unfold (Rawtenstall Free Press, 5s.) is an exposition of the Lord's Prayer by Mr. Magnus C. Ratter. It may be commended for the freshness of its approach, and preachers will find it helpful.

Though Archdeacon C. E. Storrs's *Many Creeds: One Cross* (S.C.M., 6s.) may not satisfy the specialist, for the student it is an admirable introduction to comparative religion. The writer holds that

> besides the supreme revelation of God which begins in the *O.T.* and culminates in Christ, there has also been a revelation through nature, history, reason, and conscience, given to men as they were able to bear it, a revelation frequently misunderstood by human folly and perverted by human sin but none the less real and continuous.

Archdeacon Storrs examines the great world religions in turn—Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam (exceptionally good), "Confucius and Humanism", "Shinto and Mystical Nationalism"—and compresses a great deal within 120 pp. A well-known writer appears disguised as "Farquar".

When the secrets of men's hearts are revealed, it may be possible to learn what Father Cuthbert Lattey thought on receiving Archbishop Downey's Foreword to his *Back to the Bible* (Burns, 5s.). The Archbishop dearly loves a fight, and he lays about the liberals in a way which will please the small boys, but which will seem to the scholar a sorry introduction to Father Lattey's quiet and restrained statement of the Catholic view of the Scriptures.

Dr. H. E. Fosdick's sermons always repay reading, and the war-time sermons in *A Great Time to be Alive* (S.C.M., 8s. 6d.) are no exception. In them the preacher is very conscious of problems urgently pressing for solution—war, race, colour—and of the need for applying Christianity to them. The illustrations from life and literature are as effective as ever. Dr. Fosdick is exercising a far-reaching ministry in the pulpit, over the air, and by the printed word.

Few men could get more out of a text than Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, the Bible expositor *par excellence* of our time. *The Letters of Our Lord* (Pickering, 6s.) perhaps betrays in its title the weakness of the letters to the Seven Churches in the first three chapters of *Revelation*.

All those called to preach should read the late Principal W. M. Macgregor's **The Making of a Preacher* (S.C.M., 3s. 6d.), the Warrack Lectures for 1942-43. The five lectures, packed with sound counsel, hold up an ideal of the ministry which humbles to the dust: they are "An Ideal of Ministry"; "The Making of the Preacher—(i) Through Knowledge of God, (ii) Through the Knowledge of Man"; "The Enriching of the Preacher through Reading"; "The Theme and Quality of the Preaching which Should Ensue". Prof. A. J. Gossip writes an appreciation, which vies with the lectures themselves in showing what manner of man Dr. Macgregor was.

It is a pity that it has been necessary to raise the price of Mr. E. B. Castle's **Building the New Age* (Rich & Cowan) in the useful "Needs of To-Day" series to 7s. 6d.: it is one of the best of the series, and we fear that many who would have bought it at 5s. will kick at 7s. 6d. In it the Headmaster of Leighton Park discusses freshly and suggestively the application of Christianity to the world of to-day. On the international situation, the British Commonwealth, and the family he has much that is useful to say, but naturally his best chapter is that dealing with education, with its strong plea for secondary schools with three "sides"—Grammar, Technical, and Modern—rather than three different schools. Two paragraphs under "Worth Noting" will show Mr. Castle's style and approach. We suspect that the compositor has "corrected" the wrong word on p. 123 and so given us two consecutive mistakes. And is *J.* N. Whitehead correct?

The Baptist denomination owes much to Mr. H. L. Hemmens, and we are glad to see his *Sermons on the Christian Way* (Carey Press, 5s.), introduced by another Baptist layman, Mr. Ernest Brown. These twenty-one sermons make good preaching. Would that there were more laymen in all the Free Churchmen capable of the like!

Few there be who are satisfied with the quality of their devotional life, and we are all wise to accept help from whatever quarter it comes. Father John Kearney's *My Spiritual Exercises* (Burns, Oates, 9s.)—"Materials for Meditation on the Spiritual Exercises of Piety"—is written in an idiom unfamiliar to most readers of these pages, but that does not mean he has nothing to convey to them. Father Kearney was himself a "spiritual practitioner", and here he shows those whom he directed how to exercise their spiritual faculties by using the means indicated by the Church—Vocal and Mental Prayer, Spiritual Reading and Direction, Particular Examen, the Rosary, *etc.* Most Protestants would learn a good deal from the section on the Rosary.

All in choirs and places where they sing—indeed all interested in church music and church worship—should read Dr. C. Henry Phillips's *The Singing Church* (Faber, 21s.), "an outline history of the music sung by choir and people". They will find in it an illustrated account of the development of church music, useful bibliographies and a glossary of musical terms, and a good deal of miscellaneous information. Unfortunately they will find too some dubious history, and no little bias—the Puritans are always "captious", "carping", and "nagging", and the Westminster Assembly was "so-called". We hope, too, that Dr. Phillips will not set people on a fruitless search for Sir Thomas "Anthony", the patron of Isaac Watts. All this is a pity, for there is much good work in the outline, and we know of no book of the size which gathers together so much on the subject. Certainly no organist or choirmaster should fail to read it.

In *The Fellowship of Believers* (Kingsgate Press, 3s. 6d.) the Rev. E. A. Payne has given us an admirable summary of "Baptist Thought and Practice Yesterday and Today" which students will find extremely useful. Mr. Payne's sketch brings out clearly that it is as true of the Baptists as of the

Congregationalists that they have never been homogeneous, but have always included believers of different views. How good it is to read again Bunyan's words:

> That touching shadowish, or figurative ordinances, I believe that Christ hath ordained but two in his Church, viz., Water baptism and the supper of the Lord: both which are of excellent use to the church in this world; they being to us representations of the death and resurrection of Christ; and are, as God shall make them, helps to our faith therein. But I count them not the fundamentals of our Christianity, nor grounds or rule to communion with saints; servants they are, and our mystical ministers, to teach and instruct us in the most weighty matters of the Kingdom of God; I therefore here declare my reverent esteem of them; yet dare not remove them, as some do, from the place and end where by God they are set and appointed; nor ascribe unto them more than they were ordered to have in their first and primitive institution. It is possible to commit idolatry even with God's own appointments.

The Rev. H. C. G. Herklots's *For Such a Time as This* (Lutterworth Press, 4s. 6d.) is a useful account of the oecumenical movement written attractively and in a fine spirit. Its first page, with its assumption that the Church is too weak to teach religion and only the State can do it, we found disturbing.

"The Independents, from whom sprang the Puritans"; "the differing Calvinisms of the Scottish and the Dutch Churches, typified respectively by Knox and by Erasmus": these two quotations in themselves will suggest Miss Marjorie Bowen's qualifications for writing "An Historical Study", *The Church and Social Progress* (Watts, 2s. 6d.). The sketch reveals a staggering amount of prejudice and ignorance, and an unusual proportion of irrelevant pages.

Having translated in whole or in part twenty-three of Kierkegaard's books—ten translators, we are reminded, have taken part in the flood which has submerged the world in recent years—the indefatigable Dr. Walter Lowrie finds *The Concept of Dread* (Oxford Press, 10s. 6d.) "the most tormenting of them all", and is inclined to agree with Mr. Dru, another translator, in his description of Kierkegaard's "vile, slovenly style, his clumsy, unnecessary terminology". *The Concept of Dread*, published in 1844 over the name Vigilius Haufniensis ("The Watchman of Copenhagen"), is "A simple psychological deliberation oriented in the direction of the dogmatic problem of original sin". It is more dogmatic than psychological, and is very difficult to read, though we will not say that the patient will not be rewarded. He will, however, have to cut his way through the jungle from the very first. Here are sentences from the Introduction:

> The present work has taken as its theme the psychological treatment of "dread" in such a way that it has *in mente* and before its eye the dogma of original sin. It has therefore to take account, although tacitly, of the concept of sin. Sin, however, is not a theme for psychological interest, and it would only be to abandon oneself to the service of a misunderstood cleverness if one were to treat it thus. Sin has its definite place, or rather it has no place, and that is what characterizes it. Its concept is altered, and at the same time the mood which properly corresponds to the correct concept is confused, and instead of the endurance of the genuine mood one has the fleeting jugglery of the false mood.

Whether this will tempt the reader we do not know. He will find Kierkegaard as contemptuous as ever of "Tom, Dick, and Harry", and very prone to use the word "twaddle".

An excellent subject for an essay for theological students would be a sentence in Dr. V. P. Bodein's *The Social Gospel of Walter Rauschenbusch and its Relation to Religious Education* (Yale & Oxford Univ. Presses, 20s.): "The idea of progress does not eliminate the possibility of catastrophies". This is an excellent exposition of Rauschenbusch's teaching, though we fear the reference to religious education in its title has been introduced in order to fit the volume into a series. Dr. Bodein has done his work well, and his volume should help to make more widely known the teachings of one of the most fruitful thinkers in American Christianity.

In M. Jacques Maritain's suggestive but not always clear *Christianity and Democracy* (Bles, 5s.) we wait in vain for the development of the argument that democracy is soundly based on the Christian doctrine of man to an admission that a totalitarian Church fails to do justice to that doctrine. The sacredness of the individual personality is just as liable to suffer assault from an omnicompetent Church as from an omnicompetent State.

Mr. Archibald Robertson has not reached the end of the first page of his *Morals in World History* (Watts, 8s. 6d.) before his attack on religion begins and the hope of objectivity vanishes; by the time he comes to the Middle Ages "popular Catholicism was and is little but a baptized paganism, official Catholicism was and is primarily a big economic vested interest". Everything thus becomes simple and about every period and every land Mr. Robertson is equally sure. He sees developing a unified world-order in which the terms "moral" and "immoral" will for the first time have "a universal and unequivocal meaning". The best parts of a survey which in 120 pages ranges from Primitive Man to the present day are the quotations from Tennyson.

Prof. A. I. Abell's *The Urban Impact on American Protestantism, 1865-1900* (Harvard & Oxford Presses, 21s. 6d.) is a revised Harvard doctoral thesis. Many readers will be surprised to learn how slow the Churches were to realize the implications of the Christian Gospel and to apply its teachings to social questions. Dr. Abell tells of the awakening of Christians to the fact that beautiful buildings catering only for the well-to-do were a travesty of Christianity; he describes how churches became "humanitarian" and began to train deacons and city missionaries and by various methods to tell the good news to the people. The pioneer work of Washington Gladden is emphasized, and various Societies formed to unite Christians and Socialists enumerated. The work of the Salvation Army and the coming and development of the Institutional Church are rapidly surveyed, and the effect of the whole social trend on the seminaries outlined. A good bibliography adds to the value of the book.

The Rev. S. P. Shipley and Mr. Howard Rankin have prepared a very useful "Descriptive and Pictorial Record" of the history and destruction of *Bristol's Bombed Churches* (Bristol: Rankin, 4s.), which could well serve as a model for other bombed cities. 31 of Bristol's churches were destroyed and 42 damaged. Here we have pictures of them, often before as well as after the bombs fell, together with brief accounts of their histories.

All Canon Braley writes about education is worth considering, and the title, *The School without the Parson* (R.E.P., 1s. 6d.), is the worst thing about a little book which "discusses the many problems emerging in State schools over religious instruction under the new Act [and] urges co-operation of church, school, and home".

On the whole Mr. Geoffrey Martin's *Making a Home* (S.C.M., 2s. 6d.) is a sane and sensible book which ministers could use to aid them in marriage guidance, and which they could give to those engaged to be married. It is

specially good on the practical side, though there are points on which more definite counsel would often be desired.

The indefatigable Mr. Sid G. Hedges has given us yet another book—he is well on the way to his century—this time called *Youth Club Activities* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). It is described as "a sort of encyclopædia of Activities", and certainly it contains a great deal, "Physical, Intellectual, Handcraft, Social, Recreational, Religious". Youth workers will find it helpful.

Seeing that it claims to be guided by

> the one authority on earth which is competent to make final pronouncements regarding man's nature, destiny and moral duties,

Father J. Leycester King's *Sex Enlightenment and the Catholic* (Burns, Oates, 6s.) is amazingly negative in its approach. Statements like "We are violently opposed to mass sex-instruction being given publicly and indiscriminately" are not very helpful to parents and teachers anxious to do their best. The value of the book lies in the collection of Roman documents dealing with the question.

Father H. V. O'Neill's *Spiritualism as Spiritualists Have Written Of It* (Burns, 5s.) has a Preface by Archbishop Downey, and we cannot tell which is worse, the book or the preface! It is easy to ridicule spiritualism, but when ridicule has passed there remains sufficient of mystery to make wise men pause. References such as that to "Bloody Queen Bess" do not give confidence, and those who look for a scientific examination of spiritualistic phenomena must look elsewhere. The long review of this book in the *Times Literary Supplement*, together with the advent of a Roman Catholic Editor, and other disturbing features, makes those who look for objectivity in this highly esteemed weekly definitely uneasy.

Another volume in the "International Library of Sociology" is Dr. Julian Blackburn's *Psychology and the Social Pattern* (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d.). It does not, we think, contain much that is new, but it is readable, and it gathers together in competent fashion much data from many authorities. The chapter-headings will best describe its contents: Perceiving, Illusions and Hallucinations; Belief, Delusions and Thinking; Remembering; Intelligence and Ability (some of these intelligence tests we found terrifying: they would give us an I.Q. of about 40!); The Assessment of Personality, Temperament and Types (useful for interviewers); Motivation; Mental Mechanisms and Emotion. Workmanlike, and not so mad as some books on psychology.

Dr. Waldo Frank's *The Jew in our Day* (Gollancz, 4s. 6d.) contains papers written over a period of years; they are all of interest, and there is a measure of unity between them. Mr. Frank denounces what he calls "the *inertial* Jew—the sentimental Jew who, adoring his own echoes, betrays the word of God". The Jew, he holds, is different, and should not desire to be assimilated; he has had a definite and important contribution to make to mankind, and should continue to make it. Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr writes an Introduction (in which he declares "we never will . . . " when he only means "we never shall"), to which Dr. Frank replies in an Epilogue.

In *Back to Humanity* (Cassell, 5s.) Mr. Ernest Raymond argues that

> it will be useless to preach humaneness and international good-fellowship unless we have recovered our own humaneness and learned better than heretofore the singleness and interdependence of mankind.

This conclusion he has reached through his experience in the Home Guard and elsewhere during the years of war. His son Patrick, in the R.A.F., came much to the same conclusion, and in his contribution to the book describes his first bombing of Germany.

Dr. Joan M. Fry's *In Downcast Germany, 1919-1933* (Clarke, 3s. 6d.), leaves the reader with mixed feelings—with admiration for the faith of the Friends who pursued their mission of reconciliation despite much discouragement and discomfort, but also with the conviction that they, like many more, failed to see that Germany was something more than "downcast": Miss Fry apparently accepts without hesitation or qualification all that Nazi propaganda would have her accept in regard to the blockade. The task for British and American Christians—with the Friends at their head—is to discover how *this time* missions of reconciliation and help can be carried on successfully, and immune from exploitation by war-makers.

Prof. A. Wolf has followed his *Higher Education in Germany* by *Higher Education in German-Occupied Countries* (Methuen, 6s.), in which he takes the countries in turn, and outlines what has happened in recent years. It is a revealing and often horrible story. The book gives the impression that the writer is more at home in some fields than in others, but all the time opposed to religion, as ordinarily conceived, as the educative force which will rebuild Europe. The notes, annoyingly lumped together at the end of the volume, are meagre and inadequate for a work of this kind; the historian will demand more than a newspaper reference for some of the statements made. "ecomonic" looks rakish on p. 118.

Religious Resistance in Holland (Allen & Unwin, 2s. 6d.), by Mr. J. H. (or H. J.—the title-page and the cover are at variance) Boas, tells in clear calm fashion of the resistance of Catholic and Protestant Churches during the German occupation. It is a stirring story of courage and fortitude. We note with special interest the resistance of physicians, and the fact that

> in order to avoid disorganization and confusion in the parishes in case of sudden arrest of their minister, the clergy themselves encouraged the formation of laymen apostolates, so that a body of well-instructed laymen could carry on in case of the minister being taken away.

The Hon. Quintin Hogg's *Making Peace* (S.C.M., 2s. 6d.) is the book of a young man with a brain thinking aloud. Mr. Hogg begins by claiming, not very happily, that he has a right to appear in "The Christian Looks Ahead" series, and he proceeds to give us, we should think, more confident generalizations than have ever before appeared in a book of less than 100 pages. The Use of Force, the Right of Self-determination, Imperialism, Federation, the Nature of International Authority, the Treatment of Germany, are all discussed, sometimes with insight, always with assurance. It would do Mr. Hogg a world of good to travel in lands where Britain and British policy are severely criticized.

M. Pierre Maillaud's *The English Way* (Oxford Press, 10s. 6d.) is a book which it will do Englishmen good to read. It is better in its description of English politics and of the England of the war years than in its first section, where the *nuances* of ordinary life often escape even an acute observer. M. Maillaud writes with insight of the English character, and of the attitude of the government and people of this country to the continent of Europe. He has no doubt about our duty in the future—England should do for Europe in peace what she did in war in 1940; if she should attempt to withdraw from the continent she will fail humanity. From this it will be gathered that M. Maillaud is not uninfluenced by his own nationality. His prejudice, too, is clear in his references to religion; he declares that the objection of Anglicans and Free Churchmen to the Italian attack on Abyssinia was really an attack on "Papism", while he states that half the church-going population in England consists of Roman Catholics! Incidentally, he puts the date of the Liberal decline in 1931. Surely 1918, or 1916, would have been more correct. There are more misprints than one usually finds

in an Oxford book: "phrase" for "phase" on p. 94, "all" duplicated on p. 140, "i" on p. 150; also pp. 216 and 231. But these are minor blemishes in a study which often gives one furiously to think.

Miss Louise Ouwerkerk's *The Untouchables of India* (Oxford Press, 1s.) is a compact and useful summary, which all students of the Indian problem will do well to read as an introduction to further study.

It is well that we in this country should know the Indian student opinion revealed in *Deadlock in India* (S.C.M., 1s.), in which student groups reply to a questionnaire of the British S.C.M. The replies have all the impatience of youth, and see everything in black and white; they even declare that India is "blest today with thousands of first-rate statesmen" who would never allow civil strife to break out if the British withdrew. "Thousands"! The rest of the world would be glad to think six, of any land, were available for the Peace Conference.

Mr. J. Percival Davies, though an employer of labour, has long been a convinced Socialist, and he has put his principles into practice in many ways. He describes his *Glorious Banners* (Pendle Books, 2s.) as "A sketch of the faith of the old world that breeds frustration and war. A call to the faith that builds a new world of joy and peace". There is a misprint on p. 22.

Text, charts, and photographs (84 of them) are all good in *There's Work for All* (Nicholson & Watson, 5s.), in "The New Democracy" series. The writers, Michael Young and Theodor Prager, have done a fine piece of work in presenting such an array of useful information. £500 should be £1,000 in the chart on p. 86.

If he slips when touching England (who was the *Duke* of Essex? Can Brittany be seen from Devon?) nevertheless Mr. Clifford K. Shipton's *Roger Conant, A Founder of Massachusetts* (Harvard & Oxford Presses, 16s. 6d.) is a workmanlike biography, and one that fills a gap. Born in 1592 Conant became a member of the Salters' Company, and sailed for New England in 1623. After a halt at Plymouth, he became one of the founders of the town which was to be Salem, holding on when almost everybody else fled a year or two later. He lived until 1679, to see Salem become a large town, and Massachusetts a great colony. Not a man of forceful personality, he lived a life of "solid usefulness", and clearly won the respect and esteem of successive generations. A Puritan of the Anglican tradition, he became a member of the Salem Church, and his story affords many illustrations of the various shades of opinion found in the "gathered churches" of New England. Conant seems to have been a man of peace, whose weight was always thrown on the side of restraint and of justice. He survived many and great perils to found a family in the new land: Mr. Shipton's biography will not only teach readers much about Conant, but it will win for him, we venture to say, their affectionate regard.

Alun Lewis died with much of his music in him: *Ha! Ha! Among the Trumpets* (Allen & Unwin, 2s. 6d.) confirms that opinion: *Raiders' Dawn* convinced many readers that the music was there. Mr. Robert Graves writes an Introduction.

Taking its courage in both hands, Everyman has added *Poems of Our Time, 1900-1942* (Dent, 3s.), committing the choice to Mr. Richard Church and Mr. M. M. Bozman. We do not see any chance that this anthology will ever become as well-known as Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, though it may grow on us with time. It is hard to see the justification for including some of the poems, and harder still to understand the arrangement. But already we have come across poems we shall be glad to learn, and there may be others.

Mr. Leonard Clark's *Alfred Williams: His Life and Work* (Blackwell, 17s. 6d.) is a moving story, to which the pompous and stilted Preface is an unfortunate introduction. Mr. Clark has a tragic tale to tell, and the tempo quickens with each chapter until in 1930 the hammer-man poet dies suddenly while his wife is dying of cancer. Life gave Alfred Williams a raw deal, though perhaps his wife deserves even more of our sympathy. A hammer-man in a railway factory, he taught himself Greek and Latin and, after his war-time experience in India, Sanskrit. He wrote poems of "simplicity, sincerity, and quiet beauty", and prose in which with insight he described the people, the natural history, and the folk lore of his native Wiltshire. His life was one long struggle with poverty and ill-health, and he was not an easy man to help. He had good friends like Sir Edmond Fitzmaurice, Sir Alfred Zimmern, and Mr. John Bailey, but he had no one to show him how to organize his life, husband his resources, and reconcile the conflicting claims of making a living, caring for his wife, and satisfying his thirst for knowledge and for expression. Had Swindon been more understanding, Williams's career might have been very different. Mr. Clark has done an excellent piece of work.

For forty years we have been looking for a book like Mr. A. C. Ward's *Seven Painters* (Oxford Press, 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.)—an "introduction" that begins at the beginning: whether about gardening, music, or golf, "introductions" all assume too much knowledge in the reader. Mr. Ward's seven painters are Jan van Eyck, Leonardo da Vinci, El Greco, Vermeer, Constable, Whistler, and Cézanne: he gives us very readable accounts of the life and work of each of them, an example of their paintings, and a list of where the main paintings are to be found.

The House of the Octopus (Edinburgh House, 5s.) is a play in three acts by the late Charles Williams. It takes some time in starting, and will need good acting to carry it through, but soon the reader is enthralled in the story of the youthful church tempted to apostatize, and its father, the missionary, no less tempted by the desire to retain leadership of his flock at all costs. The play is in verse, and is sometimes reminiscent of Mr. T. S. Eliot: only a performance will enable a verdict on it to be reached.

Mr. Thomas Kernan, the author of *Report on France,* was captured by the Germans when in France as a member of the American Red Cross. Interned at Baden-Baden, he used his imprisonment to write *Now With the Morning Star* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). An old Cistercian Abbey is seized by Storm Troopers and dissolved, the monks being given civilian clothing and dispersed. The book tells of the adventures of Brother Nicholas, a craftsman simple and attractive, of how he went out into the Nazi-dominated world and reacted to it. It is graphic and moving, though it leaves the reader "in the air", wondering what was the outcome of it all.

Miss Kylie Tennant's *Time Enough Later* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.) is readable enough, and contains some excellent sketches, but there is scarcely enough in it to make a full-length novel. The piano episode is admirable farce of the Ralph Lynn variety, and there are other chapters which suggest that Miss Tennant's *métier* may be the short story rather than the novel. EDITOR.

Readers of Dr. H. H. Rowley's previous volumes will accord a warm welcome to the most recent product of his busy pen, and will find in it the same high standard of scholarship and spiritual insight set forth in a clear and persuasive style. *The Missionary Message of the Old Testament* (Carey Press, 5s.) consists of four lectures delivered at a Baptist Summer School at Cambridge. The substance of the last three is mainly an expansion of a

chapter in a previous volume, but the first lecture, on the work of Moses, is an entirely new piece of work and perhaps forms the most noteworthy contribution in the volume. Dr. Rowley claims for Moses, the first missionary, a creative and decisive rôle as the founder of the Hebrew Religion. By a skilful reconstruction of the history of the period, based on a previous essay on the Exodus, he shows how Yahweh, originally the God of the Kenites, calls Moses to deliver Israel from Egypt to be the elect people of God. Dr. Rowley elucidates the ethical factors present which justify the belief that Moses established as the roots of the *O.T.* Religion an incipient ethical Monotheism, whose corollaries subsequent ages were slow to work out, "for they forgot that privilege and responsibility belong as intimately together as the obverse and reverse of a coin." The second lecture, "The Vision of the Goal", shows how the privileges of the election were variously and progressively realized. In the third we have a penetrating study of the essentially missionary implications of the Mosaic Religion in the mission and message of the Servant of Yahweh in Deutero-Isaiah. Dr. Rowley argues for a fluidity of connotation in the figure of the Servant, fusing the collective with the individual reference. In *c.* 53 the Servant is definitely believed to be a Person "in the future of the prophet". With sympathetic insight Dr. Rowley expounds the career and work of the Servant, and the fulfilment of that work in our Lord. In the last lecture, the Christian Church as the heir of the promise and task of the Jewish Church is the theme elaborated, with a just appreciation of the qualities and defects of the Jewish faith. We heartily commend this volume to all ministers and laymen as exemplifying that dynamic treatment of the *O.T.* for which Dr. Rowley has himself made so eloquent and urgent a plea.

In the preface to *The Birth of Judaism* (S.P.C.K., 5s.) it is explained that the volume is an expansion of notes which have been used over a period of years by pupils preparing for the School Certificate or Higher Certificate Examinations. As such, it sets out to supply the necessary background for studying the Biblical Literature of this difficult period. It undoubtedly achieves its purpose admirably, giving in its 116 pages a clearly-written, orderly, compact, and accurate narration of the events and movements of the 250 years of history with which it deals, and it has a useful introductory chapter leading up to this period. There are three maps, and at the end eight excellent photographs of certain outstanding archæological objects, with a brief title to each. It is of no consequence that the last photograph —a papyrus—is upside down.

The reader learns with deep regret that the authoress, Miss Dorothy Batho, did not live to see the publication of her volume, which is, for its purpose, an excellent piece of work. W. A. DAVIES.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS

Modern Churchman (June). We are glad to read the Editor's comment on Miss Dorothy Sayers as theologian; it concludes: "May we venture to suggest that Dorothy Sayers, before she writes another Gospel drama, should undertake to study her Greek Testament (especially the Gospels) under the guidance of a competent tutor. She would then become aware of certain fine but important distinctions of which she is at present robustly ignorant". Important articles are Sir Robert Bristowe's "Basic India: Its Problems and Its Future" and Mr. John Todd's "The Mediaeval Physician".

Expository Times (June-Sept.). Dr. A. M. Hunter's "The Study of the N.T." and Prof. W. Fraser Mitchell's "Educational Planning: The Need for a New Sociology" should be read, and in the August issue Prof. John Foster's "Ruin and Rebuilding".

Friends' Quarterly Examiner (Seventh Month). Prof. J. W. Harvey's "Thoughts on Victory" opens, and interesting articles on Quakerism are Dr. Hugh Stafford's "Modern Tendencies and Belief", Madame Norlind's "Quakerism and Democracy",

and Mr. G. K. Hibbert's "Stability and Adaptability". Readable biographical sketches are Mr. Maxwell Armfield's "Joseph Southall" and I. P. Pressly's "Lindley Murray".

London Quarterly and Holborn (July). The most interesting contribution is Principal Bardsley Brash's "The Triumph of Anthony Trollope", but there are half-a-score articles and discussions well worth reading. The review section makes us realize once more how much Methodism lost in A. S. Peake.

Church Quarterly Review (July). The Rev. Arnold Ehrhardt writes on "The Beginnings of Non-Episcopacy", the Rev. F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock on "The Holy Communion in Ambrose of Milan", and Prof. Hilda Johnstone on Bishop Woodlock's Register". The Rev. H. F. Kirkpatrick examines the Anglican Report on the Training of the Ministry, and two scholars argue for "Nazarite" against "Nazarene".

The Evangelical Quarterly (July). Perhaps the Rev. H. P. V. Nunn's review of Canon W. L. Knox's "Some Hellenistic Elements in Primitive Christianity" is the most important contribution to this issue. Congregational contributors are the Rev. John Baker ("Meditation on the Cross") and Dr. J. T. Hornsby ("Vigilantius: An Early Gallic Protestant"). Mr. F. F. Bruce writes on "The End of the Second Gospel" and Dr. H. P. Ehrenberg on "Towards an Œcumenical Theology".

International Review of Missions (July). Dr. E. W. Smith opens with a characteristically lively, though practical, article, "A School for Translators" (N.B.—The name of the prince of translators was "Moffatt"—and can "Glossop" be right?). Dr. Sundkler's "Marriage Problems in the Church in Tanganyika" is informing, and so is the Rev. J. C. McGilvray's "The Union Christian Medical College, Vellore". The Rev. H. W. Coxill tells of "Protestants in the Belgian Congo", and the Rev. Oliver Tomkins of "The Nature of Oecumenical Co-operation". There are some useful reviews.

World Dominion (July-August). Congregational contributors are the Rev. A. McLellan, Dr. A. M. Chirgwin, and Mr. Sydney H. Moore, who has a good article on "English Education Today". Commander King-Hall writes on "Russia Today and Tomorrow", and the Rev. W. Stott on "The Tai Race in China".

Harvard Theological Review (April). Mr. M. W. Armstrong's "Religious Enthusiasm and Separatism in Colonial New England" is an informing sketch. The other articles are "The Myth of Môt and 'Al' eyan Ba'al" and the transcription of two 15th-century MSS. in St. John's College, Cambridge, "The Laymen's Complaint and the Friar's Answer".

Anglican Theological Review (April). A good number. The main articles are Bishop Fenner's "The Teaching Church", Dr. J. V. Moldenhawer's "Shakespeare Answers the Query, 'What is Man?' ", the Rev. C. W. F. Smith's "The Horse and Ass in the Bible", the Rev. C. L. Greenleaf's "Embertide: A Lost Christian Season", and the Rev. C. L. Brewer's "God in Education". Humour in Preaching is not to be despised, but we hope the samples given in an article with that title are much below the average.

The Review of Religion (May). 60 pp. of reviews, a "review" article of 14 pp. on "Man and Faith in the Forties", and 26 pp. of articles prove that the journal lives up to its name. And some of the reviews are very good.

Religion in Life (Summer). Dr. A. T. Boisen's "What War does to Religion" and Dr. D. C. Macintosh's "The Method of Religious Inquiry" are perhaps the outstanding articles. Prof. Paul Tillich's "The Christian Churches and the Emerging Social Order in Europe" once more suggests the difference Free Churches might have made to life and thought in Europe.

Review and Expositor (April). Many of the articles are domestic, dealing with the Southern Baptist Seminary, which issues the journal. Three articles are of wider interest—Dr. J. McKee Adams's "Archæology and the Laws of Moses", Mr. Jacob Gartenhaus's "The Roman Catholic Church and the Jews", and Prof. G. G. Grubb's "Coleridge the Metaphysician".

Yale Review (Summer). The most informing article is Mr. Daniel Marx's "Strategy and American Shipping Policy", though Mr. Foster Hailey's "The War Converges on Japan" and Mr. Leonard Bloomfield's "About Foreign Language Teaching" are good seconds.

Harvard Theological Review (July). Prof. C. C. McCown's "In History or Beyond History" is a searching study of the conception of history held by representatives of dialectical theology and Neo-Orthodoxy, in which some of Dr. C. H. Dodd's contentions are scrutinized. The rest of the issue is given to the Rev. Arnold Ehrhardt's "*Vir Bonus Quadrato Lapidi Comparatur*".

Review and Expositor (July). Ministers will find the first three articles of service—Prof. H. E. Luccock's "What Literature can do for a Preacher", Dr. S. L. Morgan's "A New Minister for a New Day", and Dr. J. S. Bonnell's "The Art of Listening".